



THE ODD MAN

AND
HIS ODDITIES

BY
REV. W. H. POOLE, LL. D.

AUTHOR OF

"RIPE GRAPES; OR THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT."
"THE NATURE, CAUSES AND CURES OF ANGER."
"THE GIFT OF THE HOLY GHOST AND HOW OBTAINED."
"HISTORY THE TRUE KEY TO PROPHECY."
"NINE LECTURES ON ANGLO-ISRAEL," AND
"THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST."

"O that among us there might be
A duty on hypocrisy!
A tax on humbugs; an excise
On solemn plausibilities;
A stamp on everything that canted!
No millions more, if these were granted,
Henceforward would be raised or wanted."

DETROIT:
PRESS OF DETROIT PUBLISHING CO.
1891.

Copyrighted April 24th, 1891.

BY REV. W. POOLE, LL. D.

127521

THE ODD MAN AND HIS ODDITIES.

CHAPTER I.

In attempting to interest my readers on a theme like mine, I confess to some embarrassment owing to the length, breadth, and depth of the subject, when compared to the time and space at my disposal. One of England's great preachers said, that the first element in a great preacher was condensation, the second element was condensation, and the third was condensation. In the act of condensation a writer, or speaker often exposes himself to the charge of only half illustrating his subject: Well, be it so, in this age of push and progress most of our readers will pardon brevity.

In addressing you on Man, I do not propose to treat of him in the various and diversified nationalities, races and conditions of being which are suggestive of the theory of Darwin and Huxley, in their progressive developments of mind and of muscle from the mollusk to the ape, and from the monkey to educated and cultured man. Nor do I propose to dwell on his stature, size, weight, color, or on his tastes, affinities, passions, habits, or dispositions. Nor on his vast and varied intellectual endowments, powers, capacities and achievements. Nor on his relation as father, mother, husband, brother, or bachelor. I think of publishing an essay on bachelors in general, and old bachelors in

particular. They are getting to be a very important class in community and far too numerous. If they would pay more attention to the ladies, they would be much more frequently the subject of conversation among our aunts, mothers, and maidens.

I propose, especially to consider man's temperament, or constitution in some of its many varieties and peculiarities. These varieties and peculiarities, with the differences of temperament and of constitution, mentally, and physically, go to form the oddities and eccentricities of human kind. The peculiar temperaments and dispositions of men, were, by the ancients supposed to depend largely upon the mixture of *three* fluids, or humors of the body, viz. The blood, the lymph, and the bile.

It is an old saying that it takes all sorts of people to make a world, this paper may tend to prove the truth of this time honored proverb, and to show that such odd specimens of our race is an arrangement of an all-wise and beneficent providence.

No one, at all conversant with men or things will fail to see, that community is made up of every conceivable sort, kind and caste, of every possible shade, tint and complexion, of every temper, disposition, taste and aptitude, of every grade and condition in life, and that, with all this variety there is, here in America a place for everyone, and a duty for each that he may perform with pleasure and profit to himself, and also to the advantage of all those around him.

It is of the greatest importance to community that every man in society should find his own appropriate place ; and that, having his place whether

president, or premier, governor, or pin-maker, he should faithfully and honorably discharge his duty there, and that he should feel, that, with a sense of duty faithfully discharged, there is always a measure of delight.

The habit of realizing the importance of duty, under all circumstances, is one that may be acquired in early boyhood, and even in boyhood, it is always sure to meet its reward. This point may be illustrated by the following incident which took place on an English farm. In haymaking time, the farmer found it necessary to assign to his little boy, a lad of twelve summers, the office of gate keeper. He was to open the gate as the load of hay approached the gate, closing it when the team had passed through. The lad well understood the duties of his office, and between times, he amused himself reading of wars and victories. Suddenly, he heard an unexpected call, so loud and commanding as to startle him. "Hello ! my lad, open the gate, open the gate." The order came from an advanced huntsman who was followed by a large company of fox hunters ; among them was the Duke of Wellington. "Open the gate, my boy, here comes the lords and ladies !" The lad promptly responded. "No, sir, my father told me, sir, to keep the gate shut." "But here comes the Duke of Wellington, open the gate." "My father told me, sir, to keep the gate shut, and I'll keep it shut, you may depend on't." In a moment the Iron Duke and the whole company were at the gate, anxious to take a short route and meet the fox and hounds away beyond. The duke kindly asked, "what is the matter?" and was promptly informed "the boy won't

open the gate, sir." There sat the boy in conscious security, in loving obedience doing his duty. "Why don't you open the gate, my son?" said the duke. "Because, sir, my father told me to keep the gate shut, and I'm going to do it." The duke, as if entirely forgetful of the fox and the hounds, took from his pocket a gold sovereign, and handed it to the boy, saying: "Take this, my boy, as a reward for doing your duty, and obeying your father." Then, turning to lords and ladies he said, "we must go round some other way. The boy eyed the piece of gold, turning it over, and over in his hand. At a favorable moment he was seen bounding over the daisies to his mother, saying as he entered his cottage home: "Mother, mother, see this; I did to-day what Bonaparte could not do, I stopped the Duke of Wellington."

One of our poets said, when speaking of dividing the human family into pairs, that

"Each spirit its own twin spirit hath,
In joy, or woe to bear its part."

It is a fact, however, that for some reason or other, courtship with a great many men has not been a success. The unfortunate ones never found "their twin spirit, their better half."

Next in importance to a man's finding his other self it is important that he should find his proper sphere of action. That orbit in which he can safely, securely and successfully move. No man can afford to trifle with himself or with the claims which society has upon him. All the callings and positions of life, are but links in the same great chain of being, and

"From nature's chain, whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike."

MEN DIFFER,

and it is well that they do, and though the peculiarities of character are easily recognized, they are not so easily defined, nor so easily classified, so that, to save words, and time, which is much more valuable than words, also to aid your memory, we will find in nature, and in art something to which we will compare those odd specimens of our race. We have very high authority for the use of symbols. They do speak to the eye, and to the mind at the same time.

"Symbols," says Muller, "are evidently coeval with the human race; they result from the union of the soul with body in man. Nature has implanted the feeling for them in the human heart." But symbolism is not only the most natural, and most general, it is also the most practically useful of the sciences. God himself, knowing the nature of the creatures formed by him, has condescended, in the earlier revelations of himself, to teach by symbols. And the greatest of all teachers taught the multitude by parables; "and without a parable, or symbol spake he not unto them." Faber says, "hence the language of symbolism, being so purely a language of ideas, is, in one respect, more perfect than any ordinary language can be; it possesses the variegated elegance of synonyms without any of the obscurity which arises from the use of ambiguous terms.

Ben Jonson asks:

"Was not all the knowledge
Of the Egyptians writ in mystic symbols?"

Speak not the Scriptures oft in parables ?
Are not the choicest fables of the poets
That were the fountains and first springs of wisdom,
Wrapped in perplexed allegories ?"

I find in all the departments of home life, of church life, and of national life.

THE IRON MAN.

Firm, resolute, determined, strong of purpose, and hard and unbending as a piece of iron, whether right or wrong in his beliefs, or his opinions, you may hammer at him as long as you please, you make but a very slight impression upon him if he only keeps cool. In all his convictions, in all his purposes, and resolves, he is as firm, and as unbending as a piece of iron.

To secure his co-operation, or to employ his influence, in matters of church, or of state, you must warm him up; and when fully warmed, his energies and powers of body, mind, or estate may be easily bent, and enlisted in any of the great social, moral, and religious enterprises of the day. Warm him up, and his country, or his church, never calls him in vain. In all the works of benevolence and charity you may fire his philanthropy. In all questions of national honor and civil government, you may kindle his patriotism. In the wider fields of religion, of conscience, and in the work of God; you may warm his heart and touch his lips with the sacred fire for consecrated altars; and when fully fired with zeal for his country, his church or his God, we have a fine specimen of a manly man; a man that is strong to do, and

willing to endure, or to dare in that cause that has won his affections and his sympathies.

This man of iron nature, may, to some people, seem cold, stern, rigid, frigid and unattractive, but engage his tenacity and firmness on the right side, and you have a man capable of receiving and retaining the mould and stamp of manhood's highest impress. Upon him you may suspend the interests of a nation, knowing that no influence from faction, or from party, from court, cabal, king, or president, can make him swerve from duty or, betray his trust. This hardy, firm, intelligent, industrious, useful class of men cannot be dispensed with. We might as well undertake to carry on our mechanical arts, our manufactories, our steamboats and railway enterprises without iron, as to do the work of home, of church or of state without this most useful class of men—

MEN OF STEEL

come next in order. Those persons possess all the intrinsic excellencies and valuable qualities of hardness, tenacity, of durability and usefulness of iron; and many more, for they are well fitted to serve purposes which the iron-men do not. The steel-men are more flexible, more elastic. They have the same tenacity and firmness, only, more refined and tempered; made so by the process of purification. They are more pliable, more durable, more reliable. They are capable of a much higher polish; they receive a much sharper edge; they have keener perceptions, and finer sensibilities; they have nerves not less firm, resolute not less determined, purposes as unshaken,

all combined with properties and capabilities the iron men have not.

There is a method by which iron may be so changed, tempered and purified as to become steel : so by a process somewhat similar, our iron men may be made more valuable. This is often accomplished by self-culture and personal improvements; especially by the renewing energy and power of truth in the inner man ; so that, in time, they become refined, tempered and polished, and in this way, they become much more valuable. We have, here too,

OUR SILVER MEN,

very useful in their way at times, because they are capable of being promoted and made to occupy positions in society which renders them useful. Silver is of little intrinsic value in itself. It cannot at all compare in real worth with iron or steel. The commercial world has given it importance by agreeing to use it, as we do as a matter of convenience, and for external embellishment ; but it owes its value to the general consent of community, and it may at any time be dispensed with. So with our silver gentlemen, they are convenient, and useful, and often ornamental ; but not like our iron and steel men, indispensable. The value of the silver man is always fictitious, not real. Like silver they are always liable to a heavy discount. They are never independent, never reliable. One iron man, is, to community, worth a score of those silver specimens. Our silver gentlemen would do well to take the hint, and try and understand their real value, and their true relative position, for they may be, at any moment, voted out of

community ; or the ladies' rights association may lock them up some day as worn out specimens of things that our progressive age has left far behind, as has been done with our grandmammass' silver candlesticks. Of many of this class of men, we may safely say, that they are a sham, a fraud, or something worse, for they are only silver coated, silver washed, silver plated gentlemen. In some instances they are alloys, counterfeits, hypocrites. They are not even good white metal, they shine on the outside, make very fine promises, often make loud and long professions, and by these tricks and stratagems they deceive many a fair one: who, after a very short acquaintance find out their real character. The silver coating rubbed off, and it was easily seen that they were of baser metal. Our valuable

MEN OF GOLD

come next, pure gold, genuine metal, sterling coin. In all the world's great emporiums of trade they command position, wealth, honor and influence, and they know full well how to use them for the good of all classes of community. They are an honest, trustworthy race of men, always humble, upright, intelligent, pure minded. Men of noble birth and of royal blood, for they live among sovereigns, and soar among eagles. These men are the pure gold of the earth, though like gold, very valuable and in great demand, yet like gold, they are very scarce. Our dear young ladies should always distinguish between our gold men and gold-fringed men, gilt men, men of glitter and tinsel, very often they are only pinch-beck. All those bronzed and starched up specimens of

fashion are no more gold, than that the slightest possible gilding is a lump of gold. Those would-be gold and silver men are always, in all communities below par. They are always one hundred and seventy-five per cent. less valuable than moonshine. The next on my record are our

MEN OF TIN,

men, who, when well scoured and polished, make pretensions of being related to the silver family, of those thin-lipped, sharp featured men, physioognomists say, that they are not very close mouthed, nor very safe tongued. That they are always sure to expose your little failings. They are a little tart, not over burdened with the milk of human kindness. They are always pretentious, not a little contentious. They are not reliable or trusty men either in council or in war. In their very nature they are a bendible, dingable, rustable, crustable sort of folk, whose lustre is soon tarnished. Our men of tin are easily and often tinkered with, and are often tinged. In my travels I have seen

MEN OF LEAD.

A class of persons that I can liken only to lead, heavy, dull, dark, their body, brains, arms, and limbs, mind and heart are made up of the same dull, crocky, earthy, muddy substance. With them there is no life, no sprightliness, no animation, no elasticity, no humor, no sparkling wit. Like lead, they are much given to inertia. If indeed they have to move a little, they groan and yawn, and fret and sigh, and stretch, as if all the laws of their being obliged them to remain as they are.

In our age and in our country we have developed a

NICKLE PLATED

class of men, and women too. This is peculiarly an age of nickle-plating. We see this art in our foundries, as in our schools and colleges. The useful, the practical, and the substantial, have to give place to the ornamental, the fanciful and fashionable. We half educate large numbers of our youth, and send them out on community at a great expense, with a smattering of classics, mathematics, ethics and other ties, covered with sheen and glare; an abundance of ornamentation, but oh, so badly fitted for the practical duties of life in this most practical age. The glitter, the radiance is only nickle-plate, mere tinsel, so thin that you can see through it.

In congress, and in our state legislature we have some grand men, true as steel and as fine as gold, but we have, others of whom little can be said in their praise. Listen to many of the speeches: the dead issues of the past, such as slavery, the war question, pensions, railroads, etc. These topics have done good service for a quarter of a century in our political campaigns, and on our national festivals. When they were live issues they sparkled and gleamed on the platform and in the pulpit. To-day, they are only buncomb, nickle plate, while the live issues such as civil service reform, equal rights for all, capital and labor, prohibition, punishment of wrong doers, are left out of hearing and out of sight.

When we see a church interesting herself in creeds, surplices, music, millinery, cushioned pews,

and Sunday toilets, paying court to wealth and fashion ; in life, frivolous, heartless, shallow, self-indulgent, alas ! it is only nickle plate.

STONE MEN.

Nearly akin are our men of stone. Of stone we have a great variety, sand stone, quartz, limestone, felspar, granite, etc., etc., so of this class of men we have a great variety. All course in nature rough, cold hearted, hard faced, gritty. To them, culture and refinement are naught. They have no sympathy at heart, no warmth of feeling, no tenderness of soul. As cold as a stone, and as "hard as the nether mill-stone."

INDIAN RUBBER MEN.

Next come our Indian rubber men. No firmness, no stability, no principle, all elasticity. You can twist them into any form or bend them into any shape, or put them to almost any use you please. They are so nearly related to old Mr. Pliable, that they can never be charged with having any opinion of their own. They can be of any opinion, or of no opinion as suits the times. In politics, they can be on any side, or on neither side, or on both sides. They can be Tories, or Whigs, or Grits, Reformers, Republicans, Democrats, Greenbackers, soft money, or hard money men, you can always buy them for a little money of any kind, and buy them back for a few pennies more. In religion they can be Calvinists, or Armenians, close Communionists, or open Communionists, hard shell or soft shell Baptists, High church, Low church, broad church or no church. They can be Quakers, Shakers, or Tunkers, Presbyterians,

Methodists, Congregationalists or Mormons, or Roman Catholics, or anything or nothing. They can be temperance men, cold or hot water man, or whisky and brandy punch men. They are always two-faced men. In nothing are they more pliable than in their consciences. Oh, how elastic ! How pliable ! Poor conscience. How it is stretched and shrunk to meet the occasion. Such men are all things in general and nothing in particular. An old Hebrew proverb says of such men : " They can run with the hare and bark with the hounds."

" A merciful providence formed them hollow
On purpose that they might their principle swallow."

Those professional patriots love to sing with much zeal :

" My country 'tis from thee
I long to get a fee,
Of that I sing.
Place me where Congress meets,
Where I can find the sweets,
Or in some ring."

In contrast again are our

MEN OF GLASS,

open, frank, transparent sort of men. Their thoughts lie on the outside, you can read them through and through. They cannot hide anything ; they can't keep their own thoughts ; they are too transparent. They are an easy going, quiet, good natured folk ; they fill many useful positions in society without craft, design or disguise ; they are a little brittle, easily hurt, very tender in their feelings. They are poorly fitted to meet the rough and tumble of the

world, or to stand the hail storm of adversity. One good crash of adversity is enough to smash them into a thousand pieces, and if once broken, there is no recuperative power to repair them. They seem rather designed for the continued sunshine of prosperity, than for the cyclone of opposition. We too have men of

BRASS,

strange compounds ! Brass is a curious mixture, it is neither one thing nor another, and always some of both. Those gentlemen claim to be considered as a finer metal. Most people of this class usually put forth their ambitious claims with so much effrontery and self conceit, that their neighbors, with one consent agree, that they have too much brass.

OUR PEWTER MEN

come next to greet us. Pewter is compound of lead and tin. Those men are half-and-half sort of things. They have no fixed character, sometimes as dull as lead, at other times as biting and as rasping as the rough edge of tin. To please such men is next to the impossible, and if they could be pleased for once it would only be for a little time ; for having no fixed principles to guide them or to govern them, they could not be pleased long at a time, either with themselves, or with anybody else. I know an unfortunate man of this class, he gets out with himself, and with his estimable wife, and out with his pastor, and often with the gate post ; indeed, he gets out of temper, and out all over. In this great country of ours we have

MERCURIAL MEN,

quick, shiny, showy, flashy, rather fiery, and withal a little slippery. Such persons, like the mercury in our thermometers, are greatly influenced by the seasons, the weather, the atmospheric changes, the magnetic influences, the winds and tides. They are a kind of living barometer, as useless a specimen of the race as can well be conceived of. Only for the name of the thing, a woman would be far better without a husband, than be tied to a man like that. On a bright, beautiful moonlight night, such men are always on hand to see the ladies home, or to accompany a friend; but when the night is dark and stormy, the mercury falls and the ladies are left to find their way home as best they can. All sensible people agree, that such bipeds ought to be scarce. In my line of observation I find

MEN OF PUTTY,

so soft, so oily, so impressible, that they are influenced by every one and by everything they meet. To know their opinion or any given hour of the day, in politics, education or religion, you need only ascertain who, or what party had the last interview with them. Their views of men or things are formed, changed and shaped by one class of agency as well as another. Having no opinion of their own, they can at any time adopt the opinions of others, and most generally their views coincide with the last person, or last party man with whom they conversed. The conservative canvasser calls, and woos and wins their promise of support, and he stamps the man with

the trade mark of his party. The next day, or next week, the reformer goes through the same process, and with about the same results. Who the putty man votes for after all, depends upon the party who can give him the last cigar, or the last glass of drink, or the largest bribe, and a free ride to the polls. The man of putty has very large family connections, closely related is a kind of wish-o-washy, namby-pamby, linsev-woolsey, milk and water, sort of a biped, an odd specimen of a man, very. He is little more than half human, a large part animal, and some vegetable, so that it is yet an open question, whether the botanist, or the physiologist should claim him.

It is greatly to the credit of our American civilization that foppery is everywhere disappearing. Fops, by whatever name we call them, beaux, macaronis, sparks, dandies, loungers, or anything else, find little favor in this age. To trace from age to age through all its phases of development the history of those popinjays of fashion is a task for the satirist, or historian. To study the grotesque inspirations of folly as illustrated in the careers of her fantastic votaries would be most amusing. There are but few men of sense among us who would not say with Shakespeare in the *Merchant of Venice*, "Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter my sober house." The foppery of the Elizabethan age is well and accurately illustrated in the person of Osrick. How pungently does Hamlet satirize the waterfly and how amusingly does he mimic his mincing mode of speech ! In *Hudibras* we find mention of a creature known as "fopdoodle," "You have been roaming," says Butler,

"Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,
And handled you like a fopdoodle."

Covent Garden, seems to have been the favorite rendezvous for fops in the time of Dryden. He says, "that farce scribblers make use of the noble invention of laughter to entertain citizens, country gentlemen, and Covent Garden fops." Dr. Johnson describes the *sparks* of this day as *lively, showy, splendid gaymen*. They were of respectable antiquity, hailing probably from the days of the restoration, when the nation expressed in costume, as in all things else, its wild delight at being emancipated from the grim bondage of Puritanism. The beau whom Johnson defined as a "man of dress"—a man whose greatest care is to deck his person, flourished most luxuriantly in the last century. His, was the sumptuous age of powder and patches. He was especially dainty in matters of sword-knots, shoe-buckles, and lace ruffles. He was ablaze with jewelry, took snuff in large quantities with an incomparable air, out of a box studded with diamonds, and twirled a cane with great nicety. Some one said that such a man dressed out in full fashion resembled the cinnamon tree, the bark being of greater value than the body. The word *macaroni* as applied to a fop, is of curious origin. In its primary signification it means a kind of paste-meat broiled broth, and dressed with butter, cheese, and spice. Webster defines the word to mean "something droll, or extravagant," again a sort of droll or fool. Mr. Addison explains in the *Spectator* how the word came to be used to express a fopdoodle. He says "there is a sort of merry drolls whom the com-

mon people of all countries admire, and seem to love so well that they could eat them, according to the old proverb; I mean those circumforaneous wits whom every country and nation calls by the name of that dish of meat which it loves best. In Holland they are termed *pickled herrings*; in France, *Jean Potages* in Italy, *macaroni*; in England, *Jack Puddings*. Our Canadian and American ladies use very expressive terms in speaking of this case, they say, "*he's soft*, or *he is green*." To these they have added a new term, which, to them is very expressive, they say "*he's puncans*." In Boston they call him *stewed cabbage*. The word *dandy* is said to be derived from the French *daudin*, hence Jack-a-dandy, but some grammarians are of opinion that the term is borrowed from a very small coin of Henry VIII.'s time called a *dandiprat*. Be this as it may, the dandies had large influence in those olden times. Lord Byron confesses to a predilection for them. He says "I like the dandies, they were always very civil to me." Mr. Carlyle says, "Let us consider with some scientific strictness, what a dandy specially is. A dandy is a clothes wearing man"—"a man whose trade, office and existence consists in the wearing of clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse and person is heroically consecrated to this one object,—the wearing of clothes wisely and well;" "so that, as others dress to live, he lives to dress." The all importance of clothes has sprung up in the intellect of the dandy, without effort, like an instinct of genius; he is inspired with

cloth, a poet of cloth. A divine idea of cloth is born with him. The following epigram is very pointed.

"A Dandy is a thing that would
Be a young lady if it could,
But as it can't, does all it can
To show the world it's not a man."

Pierce Egan is entitled to the credit of having coined a word which has obtained universal currency—the word "swell." A swell is seen to move round, as if made up of buck muslin and starch, swelling into false consequence like the frog in the fable. The exquisite is another modern term denoting a biped made up of bitter and sweet, the oily and odoriferous, powdered and perfumed, sometimes called "collars" and "cuffs."

St. Crispen, the patron saint of our shoemakers, in conferring upon mankind the inestimable boom with which to protect his understandings never supposed that

LEATHER

would be used as a symbol of man, but there are some men I can compare to nothing else than leather: Such persons are in their own estimation highly respectable and in morals irreproachable, in their home circle more or less useful, but in all that relates to high and noble instincts, to refined and delicate perceptions, to the pure and the profound, the free and the fervid, the benevolent and the magnanimous, they are exceedingly defective. They are nearly always dry and hard, or soft and spongy, cold and indifferent. Those gents are not always reticent even in the company of strangers; nor

can they keep quiet even in church, like leather, they are creaky, squeaky, noisy and fond of being heard, although they have nothing to say. They often intrude into the halls of science, into commercial emporiums and boards of trade, and into political associations and even into prayer meetings, and although they are always heard, no one of all the company is wiser for all they say. Theirs is sound without sense, noise in the rising and falling inflection without melody, harmony, rhyme or reason. Those gentlemen are sometimes made to shine when in company by the lustre of wife and sister, or sweetheart; but even, if polished up for a social or a Sunday; they soon absorb so much of earth that they lose their lustre until polished up again for the next social. Their beauty is all external, and is put on for the occasion.

THE SPONGE

is a curious formation. There is a great variety of sponges, and all kinds of sponges excel in the property of absorption. The most valuable treasure in this world is time, so valuable is it that it is given to us in very small parcels. The merchant, the mechanic, the lawyer, the physician, the clergyman and all students dread the approach of the human sponge. He absorbs so much valuable time. In a wholesale house in Canada I once saw a card printed in large type, it read thus, "When you call upon a man in business hours, attend to your business, and when through with your business, go about your business, that he may have time to attend to his business." Most appropriate! This sponge formation drinks up

large quantities of city, town or neighborhood gossip, travels from house to house absorbing family news. All the courtships, family misunderstandings, personal affairs, and private matters. He knows, or pretends to know, everybody's business, their motives and intentions. Sponge like, you have only to bring to bear a little gentle pressure, and the news of the whole town will be given out for public use, or for private scandal. The news in all cases so tinged and discolored by the nature of the sponge that has carried it, that it appears very different from what it was when absorbed. This sponge may be either masculine, feminine or neuter, and is more or less to blame for the public scandals, church trials, family broils, and civil lawsuits in city, town and country. In ancient Greece, he who slandered his neighbor, was, according to law, compelled to go round the town with only half a coat. If such a law was enforced in our day, some of our citizens would run desperate risks of catching cold. There are some most excellent

LIQUOR SPONGES

in community now, they go round from bar-room to saloon, and then round again, loafing and sponging. They never buy any tobacco or lick-her, and yet, they always come home so smoked, and so steamed, that you can nose them long before they reach the door. They are full of liquor and tobacco, inside and outside, and yet it is all sponged. John —— was once a manly man, of princely form and noble mien. He had the body and brain of a noble man ; but of late years poor dear John was a complete wreck in

mind, body, and estate. How does it come John, tell me now. How is it you never buy drink now, do you, John? No, no, not now, I have nothing to purchase it with now, the liquor seller has my farm now. Well John, how is it you always come home drunk, yet you never buy the drink. Oh sir, you know I hangs around there, you see and when any one of em' comes in and calls for a quart, and says, "come boys," I always thinks he means me. In some such way men hang around and absorb vast quantities of tobacco, rum and opium, always drawing largely from the stock in trade of some young man who is only a learner in the art. Unlike other sponges, these do not wait to be squeezed in order to yield their contents, for in our public halls, offices, court rooms, on furniture, fire places, stairs and carpets, on verandah, side walk, and street cars, they continually eject their liquid filth and nasty quids, they absorbed a few hours before. One of those human sponges with a mouth full of nastiness began flinging his dirty juice around the fire place of a cleanly honest Quaker. The odd friend arose, and brought the stranger's hat, and laid it down before him, saying: "Thee must spit where thee can carry it away with thee."

CHAPTER II.

He who keeps his eyes open to the likes and dislikes of men, the various tastes and dispositions of the odd specimens around him will soon see an endless variety. One man loves languages, he can spend weeks in musty, fusty, time-worn, moth-eaten folios, hunting among obsolete forms of words in languages long since dead and buried, for the origin of a word. He would go miles, on foot, and in the rain, to have a controversy with an adverb.

“Like a learned philologist, who chase
A parting syllable through time and space,
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark,
To Gaul,—to Greece,—and into Noah’s Ark.”

Another man has chosen geometry and mathematics as his hobby, he thinks, and talks and dreams of cubes and solids, of right lines and triangles, equations and logarithms. Another has a ruling passion for rhyme; he writes and thinks in verse, lives in a world that has no existence, moves around among creatures of his own fancy, laughs at their own spectres, weeps over sorrows that never existed, loves friends and hates enemies, which exist only in their imagination. Some men are born poets. Isaac Watts, when a lad, found that he could express himself more readily and with greater ease in verse than in prose. His father often reproved him for his verse making, and one day threatened to apply the birch to his back, if he did not stop his versification.

His father growing angry held the rod over the lad, when the young poet cried out :

“ Dear father, do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make.”

One odd specimen of a man is so full of humor that he carries the sun, moon, and stars, with the doxology in his face, when, for his wife's sake, or for his minister's sake, he tries to control his fun making propensities; even then, he laughs all over. He cannot help it; it is his superabounding good nature imitating the northern lights. His next neighbor is exceedingly demure, he has no faculty for wit, or humor, was never known to indulge in a hearty laugh, indeed his wife thinks that he never really and truly did laugh, once, she says, he smiled.

One odd man is so disposed to stand upon his dignity, and his dignity stands so high, that in company he seems all alone, a stiff, cold, dissocial body, a kind of social iceberg, he has not a word to say to anybody, and he does not want anyone to speak a word to him. His neighbor is just as odd as he is, only away on the other extreme, he is so sociable that he is the observed of all observers. In Ex-Governor Powell, of Kentucky, you meet a fine example. He was not an orator by any means, though a good story teller. His forte lay in gaining a personal intimacy with every one he met. In this way, he was a powerful electioneer. Coming up the Ohio river, says a traveller, I heard the following: “Governor Powell lives there, yes, he lives there.” Is an old residenter, yes he is. “A very sociable man is he not?” “Yes,

remarkably so ; "well I thought so." I think he is one of the most sociable men I ever met in all my life. Wonderfully sociable ! I was introduced to him at the springs last summer, and he had not been in my company ten minutes when he begged all the tobacco I had, got his feet up into my lap, and spit all over me. Remarkably sociable."

GEN. GRANT AND THE POLITICIAN.

A certain western colonel in Major-General Grant's army took advantage of a sick furlough to canvass for a nomination to Congress. On application for an extension of his furlough, General Grant wrote on the back of it as follows :

If Col. ——— is able to travel over his district to electioneer for Congress, he is able to be with his regiment, and he is hereby ordered to join it immediately, or be dismissed from the service.

AN ODD STORY OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Mr. President, said a friend to him, "there isn't much left of Hood's army, is there?" Well no, Medill ; I think Hood's army is about in the fix of Bill Sykes' dog, down in Sangamon County. Did you ever hear it? Of course the answer was, "never." "Well, Bill Sykes had a long yaller dog, that was forever geeting into the neighbor's meat-houses, and hen-coops. They had tried a hundred times to kill it, but the dog was always too smart for them. Finally, one of them got a bladder of a coon, and filled it with powder, tying the neck with a piece of punk, split open a hot biscuit and put them in the

bladder buttered all nicely. When he saw the dog coming he fired the punk and threw it out. The dog swallowed it at a gulp. Pretty soon there was an explosion. The head of the dog lit upon the porch, the fore-legs caught astraddle the fence, the hind legs fell into the ditch, and the rest of the dog lay around loose. Pretty soon Bill Sykes came along, and the neighbor said: "Bill, I guess there ain't much of that dog of your'n left." "Well, no, said Bill; I see plenty of pieces but I guess that dog, as a dog, ain't of much more account," just so, Medill, there may be fragments of Hood's army around, but I guess that dog as a dog, ain't of much account."

CURIOUS TASTE.

We find many odd specimens of our day when consulting the tastes and fancies of peoples and nations' especially where we might suppose that taste, with delicate fingers, would hardly dare to intrude. I refer particularly to the different colors chosen in hours of deep mourning and grief. In our country and with our Saxon race in all countries, black, only accords with the seasons of grief and sadness. While in China and Japan, white is the only color used to show sorrow during the days of mourning, on the removal of friends. In Turkey, they wear blue and violet at all their funerals. In Abyssinia and through Southern Egypt, they choose grey to express their grief. The Peruvians wear brown. The Alexandrians in time of mourning choose yellow as best adapted to show their grief. How extremely odd looking to us such fancies at funerals.

CURIOUS LOYALTY.

During the passage of the National troops through Missouri, in pursuit of General Price, a crowd of colored men came out of a large house to see them, when the following colloquy took place. "Boys are you all for the union?" "Oh! yes, massa, when you's about we is"—and when Price comes, you are secesh, are you?" "Lor, yes, massa, we, we's good secesh then, can't allow de white folk to git ahead of niggers in dat way."

CURIOUS TACTICS.

While on a forced march in some army movements in Mississippi, General Hardee came up with a straggler who had been some distance behind his command. The General ordered him forward, when the soldier replied that he was weak and broken down, not having had even half rations for several days. That's hard, replied the General, but you must push forward my good fellow, and join your command, or the provost guard will take you in hand. The soldier halted, and looking up at the General, asked, "Ain't you General Hardee?" "Yes," replied the General. "Didn't you write Hardee's tactics?" "Yes." Well General I've studied them tactics and have them by heart. "You have an order there to double column at half distance, ain't you? I'm a good soldier, General, and I obey all that is possible to be obeyed! but if you can show me an order in your tactics, or in anybody else's tactics, to double distance on half rations, then I'll give in."

The General with a hearty laugh, admitted that there was no tactics to meet the case; and putting spurs to his horse rode forward.

CURIOUS TOASTS.

Two gallant sons of Erin being just discharged from the service, were rejoicing over the event with a wee taste of the crathur; when one who felt all the glory of his own noble race, suddenly raised his glass above, and said, "arrah Mike, here's to the gallant ould Sixty-ninth. The last in the field and the first to leave!" "Tut, tut man, said Mike, you don't mane that." "Don't mane that," is it. "Then what do I mane?" "You mane," said Mike, and he raised his glass high and looked lovingly at it. "Here is to the gallant Sixty-ninth—equal to none!" an they drank.

AN ODD ADDRESS.

The following is the superscription of a letter that passed through the Louisville, Ky., postoffice.

Feds and Confeds let this go free,
Down to Nashville, Tennessee;
This three-cents stamp will pay the cost,
Until you find Sophia Post.

Postmaster North, or even South,
May open it and find the truth;
I merely say my wife's got well,
And has a baby, cross as — you know.

A CURIOUS REPLY.

An Irishman, from Battle Creek, Michigan, was at Bull Run battle, and was somewhat startled when the

the head of his companion on the left was knocked off by a cannon ball. A few minutes after, however, a spent ball broke the fingers of his comrade on the other side. The latter threw down his gun and yelled with pain; when the Irishman rushed to him, exclaiming, "Blast your soul, you ould woman, stop your crying! You make more noise about it, than the man that lost his head."

A GREAT ODDITY.

CURRAN the eloquent Irish barrister said of himself that he married before he had touched his first fee. He was in straitened circumstances when his first fee was brought to his house. Mrs. Curran, being a barrister's lady considered that their land lady was taking undue liberty when reminding her of arrears of rent. The good woman felt herself aggrieved by her tenants airs and freely aired her own displeasure. I walked out one morning, says the eloquent man, at a later date, "to avoid the perpetual altercations on the subject of rent; with my mind in no enviable condition. I fell into a gloomy mood. I had a family for whom I had no dinner; a landlady for whom I had no rent. I had gone abroad in despondency. I returned in desperation. When I opened my study, the first thing I saw was an immense folio of a brief, with twenty gold guineas wrapped up beside it. I paid my landlady, bought a good dinner, thanked God, and took courage. Mr. Curran was known as a great punster. A person with whom he was conversing who was very precise in his pronunciation cried out to one of the company,

who had just cut down *curiosity* to *curoosity*; oh said he, in a low voice to Curran, "how that man murders the language!" "Not exactly so bad, was the reply, he has only knocked an I out of it."

Once in cross-examining a horse-jockey's servant, he asked him how old his master was. "I never put my hand in his mouth," was the appropriate reply. The laugh of the assembly went against the lawyer; but he soon recovered his ground. "And very wisely you acted, for by all accounts he is a great *bite*."

Chief Justice Clare and Curran entertained a strong dislike for each other. The Chancellor, once learning that the barrister was to plead in an important case in the Court of Chancery, placed his favorite Newfoundland dog at his feet, and paid more attention to him, than to the argument of the pleader. At last his inattention became so marked, and so pointedly offensive that the pleader abruptly stopped his address. "Go on, Mr. Curran," said the Judge, "go on." "Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, my Lord, I really took for granted that your lordship was holding a consultation."

Chief Justice Carleton on coming into court never ceased, says Sir J. Barrington, "to complain of the state of his health and often introduced lady Carleton in his book of lamentations. One day he entered the court encumbered with a more than ordinary load of woe, and apologized to the legal gentlemen assembled for the necessity in which he stood of adjourning business for that day, though there was an important issue for trial; "for," he added in a low tone, "poor

Lady Carleton has had a *fausse couche*, and — “oh” exclaimed Curran, “your lordship need not have made any apology as it appears that your lordship has no issue to try.”

On one occasion the Judge cautioned Mr. Curran, saying: “It would be well if you were better on your guard in what you say, for if not, you may lose your gown.” “They may take the gown, my lord, but they must leave the stuff behind, was the rejoinder.” Curran was addressing a jury with great earnestness and eloquence, when the Judge, who was thought to be antagonistic to his client, intimated his dissent from the argument advanced by a shake of his head. “I see the motion of his lordship’s head. Persons unacquainted with his lordship would be apt to think it implied a difference of opinion, but be assured, gentlemen, this is not the case. When you know his lordship as well as I do, it will be unnecessary to tell you that when he shakes his head there is really *nothing in it*.”

In the Court of Chancery in England Curran was making a strong case to the Judges, and his opponent, seeing that he was making an impression on the Court, tried every way to divert his attention and destroy the force of his arguments, at last finding that Curran was making out a strong case, arose and offered him a pinch of snuff. Curran turned most politely to his opponent and said, with gravity becoming the place and the audience, “thank you, had my nose been designed for a dust hole, it would not, sir, I imagine, have been placed upside down.”

Napoleon was an inordinate lover of snuff. He took a spoon full into his nose when on the field of

Waterloo he wrote to one of his generals, "The battle is ours," but before the next hour he found to his surprise that the Duke of Wellington, who never used tobacco in any form, was up to snuff.

"Knows he that never took a pinch
Nosey! the pleasure thence which flows?
Knows he the titillating joy
Which ~~my~~ nose knows.

Oh nose! I am as fond of thee
As any mountain of its snows.
I gaze on thee, and feel the pride
A Roman knows."

Shakespeare, in his play of Henry IV. says:

—"He was perfumed like a milliner
And twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose."—

—"Oh, how it tingles up
The titillated nose, and fills the eyes
And breast, till in one comfortable sneeze
The full collected pleasure bursts at last."

When visiting the Jewish temple in Philadelphia, on the great day of atonement, I took off my hat as I entered the sacred place. Very soon, oddly enough, one having authority told me, "Sir, put on your hat." In the east, they, in acts of worship put on their hats and take off their shoes.

SHNEESJIN.

While alluding to odd things in a place of worship, we must not forget the Kirk minister whose sermons were sometimes a little long and rather dry. One of the good elders named James was sometimes caught

napping in church. The minister said to him, "Jame-sie, I see you tak a bit o' nap in the Kirk sometimes. Can you no take a little mull (snuff) my maun, and when you become heavy tak a pinch, and it may keep you up." "May be," said the Elder, "but minister, pit ye the schneeshin into the sarmon and it will serve a good purpose all round."

There is something very amusing in the idea of what may be called "the fitness of things" in regard to snuff taking, which occurred in the experience of an honest highlander. At the hotel a gentleman was standing near by, when he observed a tall, fine looking man standing near him, dressed in full tartans, and he noticed the width of his nostrils and a fine turned up nose. The gentleman engaged in conversation, and as a complimentary act, offered him his snuff box for a pinch. The highlander drew away and rather haughtily said, "I never snuff." "Oh," said the other, "that's a peety, for there's grawnd accommodation."

The Scotchman is a gifted individual, nasally, whether we consider the Strathelydian, Pitearian or Caledonian, and as a rule he commonly knows what he is about. Like birds of prey, he can scent a good thing a long way off. Scotch eyes can see an opening for an enterprising "chief" in the most unlikely neighborhood, and catch the sweet aroma of siller a long way off.

The British bulldog has a very peculiar nose, resembling very much the British prize fighter. Pug-nacity is the idea indelibly impressed upon the nose of both man and dog, and man and dog bear out nature's

recommendations to the utmost. One is all teeth, the other all fist. England has very little reason to be proud of either. The street rough has, as a rule, the nose of a pug, or snub pattern, and has much of the bulldog in his composition.

The old Romans were well off as to nose. It is much to be doubted whether if they had not such noses they would have done such deeds. They had very big noses and very short swords, and they did what on inquiry will be found to have been the method adopted by all men of strength and character—they followed their noses. The nose went first and the sword followed. That fact is as plain as the nose on the reader's face.

The twelve Cæsars, being imperial themselves, had Cæsarian or imperial noses. "Caius Julius," says his biographer, "had a nose as big as his commentaries." "Numa Pompilius had a nose" said Lernprieve which was a nose—it was half a foot long. His second name was only a surname, for a person possessing (in the language of Lydia Thompson) the noisiest nose that you ever did see." All the kings before Tarquin had long noses and all of them reigned in peace; but Tarquin (degenerate Roman that he was) had a small nose, and they pulled his throne to pieces and kicked him out of Rome.

Proverbial philosophy (not Tupper's) has much to say about noses. "Prudent men smell far, while the fool has no nose." Ovidius Naso was indebted to his great nose for his second name. Queen Bess must have had a nose of a goodly size;

eth, the
on to be
rule, the
n of the

se. It is
uch noses
l very big
at on in-
l adopted
r followed
sword fol-
the read-

selves, had
,," says his
mentaries."
rieve which
econd name
ng (in the
t nose that
arquin had
ee; but Tar-
a small nose,
kicked him

has much to
d far, while
Naso was
econd name.
goodly size;

otherwise she could never have led so many men of mark by the nose. There has been much fun joked at noses both in ancient and modern times. There was a certain French Dauphin called Count Snub; there was a celebrity in medieval romances who was called William of Orange, popularly known as William, with the short nose. Our Iron Duke, Wellington was vulgarly, yet endearingly known as old Nosey, on account of his large nose. Cornelia, the Roman matron had a nose indicative of character. Lucretia had a nose indicative of great weakness. Cleopatra had a finely formed nose. Pretty little women usually have little noses, sometimes we find ladies with too much cheek, and others, again, have too much nose. Many of the extremely odd things we see among men have their origin in the education they receive, and the early prejudices they formed. On the introduction of high churchism into Scotland, the full choral service was introduced. There was a costly organ and a full choir of singers introduced by a wealthy lady, who had, out of her own money, built a church, and furnished it; she invited a lady friend of hers to accompany her to church one Lord's day, as she expected a full choral service, which, in her estimation was really almost divine. The Scotch lady was of the old Presbyterian school. She listened to the performance with great attention, but was not so highly enamored with the song service; for on their way home she was asked how she liked the music and singing; she answered, oh very good, very good, very bonny; but ah my laddie, it was an awfu way to spend the Sabbath.

WHISTLE-KIRK.

The church organ in those, in Scotland a great mark of distinction between the Presbyterian and the English churches, one was called a Whistle-kirk man. On being asked once as to the difference between the Scotch-kirk and the English-kirk? The answer was, "We'el, ye see the Scotch-kirk minister wears his sark (shirt) inside his coat, the English minister wears his sark outside." The religious portion of our Scotch people used to endeavor ethically and legally to enforce the outward observance of the Sabbath day. This tendency while commendable in itself, often led to ridiculous results, for example. A traveler, a celebrated artist passing by the ruin of one of the old castles whose surroundings was still most beautiful; asked a Scotch peasant some questions about the ownership of the castle, the answer was, "It's noo the day to be speering sic things." In a Scotch hospital one Sunday morning, the attending surgeons discovered symptoms of lock-jaw and feared the patient was in danger of an attack. In order to test his condition the physician desired him to whistle, as that act would show the condition of his muscles. The patient looked at the doctor with surprise, and said, "The Lord forbid, that I should do such a thing on God's blessed Sabbath."

Lady MacNeil had procured some dorking fowls, and she inquired of the lady who had charge of them, if they were laying many eggs. The woman replied with great earnestness, that, indeed, my leddy, "they lay every day, no excepting the blessed Sabbath."

BAD WHISKEY.

An elderly chief of a noble clan gives us a good view of the strictness of Sabbath observance among his people, and of the great laxity on other matters. To a friend from another clan, he said our folk are a God-fearin folk here, said Donald —. I'm glad to hear that said Mr. M. —. Ou, aye sir, deed they are; and I'll gie you an instance on it. Last Sabbath just as the Kirk was skalin, (dismissed), there was a drover chield Fred Dumfries coomin along the road whistling, and looking as happy as if was the middle of last week. Weel sir, oor lads is a God-fearin set o lads, and aws they were coomin oot o the Kirk, od they yokit upon him, and amoost killed him, Mr. — inquired if they were not drunk, to assault a lone lad on the public highway? Weel, well," sir, said Donald, "I'll no say, but it may be they were. They a'most killed him." "Depend upon it," said Mr. M. —, "It's a bad thing, whisky." "Weel, I'll no say but it may, adding with an emphasis, especially baad whisky."

ODDITIES OF GREAT MEN.

There are many amusing features noted in the lives of our great masters in all departments of science and of song. Auber wrote his best essays on horse-back. It was not possible for him to write in any other place than Paris. — Meyerbeer composed his best pieces of music during the most violent thunder-storm. — Salieri gained his inspiration while he walked quietly through the streets filled with a throng

of human beings, meantime eating a quantity of confections. — Hayden, that great master of music, in order to compose, sat in a soft arm chair, with his eyes raised heavenward. — Gluck composed his masterpieces in the open air, out in the clear sunshine. He gesticulated very violently, as if he were acting on the stage. — Handel, wandered off into the churchyard, and sat down in one corner under the weeping willow's shade. — Mozart, drew his inspiration from reading Homer, Dante, Petrarch etc. — Verdi must read passages from Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Ossian, and Victor Hugo. — Schiller inspired his muse by the smell of rotten apples which he kept constantly in his desk; besides this, he liked to live amid surroundings corresponding to the subject upon which he worked. When he wrote the last act of "Mary Stuart," he had his servants clothed in black; and so long as he worked on Wallenstein he neglected no review, or other military spectacle; and at home his wife must sing battle pieces to him. — Goethe loved to have plastic works of art before him as he wrote. — Jean Paul replenished his ideas while taking a walk. In writing he loved the strong smell of flowers. — Herr von Kloist worked with great difficulty, and when writing poetry it was as if he had a contest with an invisible fiend. — Milton, when composing those matchless poems, used to surrender himself to the melting influence of the harp and the organ. Curran, when he had fully mastered his brief and his case, and sat down to think it all over, took his violin, or small harp, and for hours he would seem to forget himself.

running over those grand old Hebrew melodies, which inspired and invigorated all the powers of his mind and prepared him for his efforts at the bar. Alfieri, who wrote for the stage, says he used to prepare for his mental efforts by music. "Almost all my tragedies," he says, "were sketched in my mind either in the act of hearing music, or while under its elevating and soothing power."—Lord Bacon consulted the muses while in his most profound studies, and had music played in the room adjoining his study. Father Wieland in composing his poems trilled a lively song, and sometimes would spring away from his work and cut a caper in the air. Burger, the immortal poet of Leonore, is said to have whistled street songs as he wrote his verses on paper. Holderlin was often crying when he composed his poems. Lafontaine's wife once found her husband swimming in tears as he wrote his poems. Mattison wrote his poems by moonlight while standing near a window. Lamartine wrote his best things in the morning before breakfast, while sitting before a fire. A contemporary of Dumas wrote thus: "The writing desk of Alexander Dumas presents a picture of classical disorder. The study floor is covered with books and papers, behind which he is seated formally barricaded. Also a quantity of cats, dogs, poultry, pigeons and singing birds are to be seen around, and these he feeds, strokes and keeps out of mischief while writing. In the background stand a number of printers' devils waiting for copy. He writes very rapidly, and carries on, very often, a conversation at the same time. He is very negligent in his dress."

CHAPTER III.

The ancient Greeks attached great importance to names. Plato recommends parents to be careful to give happy, pleasant names to their children: and the Pythagoreans thought that the minds, actions, and success of men were largely influenced by the names they bore. The Romans taught the same thing, and were strongly impressed with the same idea. *Bonum nomen omen* became a popular maxim among them. To select *bona nomina* was always an object of solicitude, and it was enough to blight a man's prospects for life if he bore a name of evil import.

All names were originally significant, and were always bestowed by the Hebrews and the Greeks with reference to their well-understood meaning. Sometimes they were historical, and usually commemorative of some incident, or circumstance connected with the birth of the individual bearing them; as Moses, drawn out of the water; Thomas, a twin; Maius, May; this latter name given usually to one born in that month; Septimus, the seventh. In other cases the name given was expressive of some aspirations, desires or hopes of the parents; as Victor, one who conquers; Probus, truthful; Felix, happy; Benedict, blessed. Very often they were descriptive of personal qualities; as Macros, tall; Pyrrhus, ruddy; Rufus, red haired. Names are as important and significant now as they were in the days of Isaiah, or of Plato; but we ignorantly, or carelessly misapply them. Hence so many *odd* names,

most of them absurd misnomers. Leigh Hunt says, a man with the names we often meet might as well, to all understood purposes, be called spoon, or Hat-band; Blanche, is now not at all the flaxen-haired blonde which her name indicates. Isabel, is no longer brown, she is blonde. Oddly enough, the names have both been misapplied. Cecilia, (gray-eyed) belies her name and lets fly the arrows of love and tenderness from orbs of heavenly blue. Rebecca, who ought to be somewhat embonpoint, rounded "with beauty," as the poet puts it, is a slender lily-like maiden much better suiting the name of Susan.

It may interest my readers to present a few personal names of our boys and girls in this country, etymological, historical and poetical.

ADA comes from the Saxon Edith, Eadith, Eade, Ada signifies happy. Byron's only daughter was named Ada. Byron asks:

"Is thy face like thy mother's my fair child, Ada?"

ADELAIDE is of German derivation and means, a princess. Proctor says:

"A little maid
Golden tressed Adelaide."

Adeline is only a different form of the same name. Tennyson asks,

"What aileth thee?—Whom waitest thou,
With thy softened, shadowed brow,
And those dew-lit eyes of thine,
Thou faint smiler, Adeline?"

AGATHA, means good, it is a Greek word.

AGNES, chaste, is also from the Greek, and is one of the best names in use among us.

ALFRED is Saxon, signifying all peace. It is a good name, and should be a favorite among us, boasting as we do of our Anglo-Saxon descent, and tracing some of our free institutions to King Alfred the Great who revived the Hebrew institutions of our ancestors.

ALICIA, or Alice is from the Latin, and means noble. It is one of our sweetest female names. Tennyson asks,

“O that I were beside her now,
O! will she answer if I call?
O! would she give me vow for vow,
Sweet Alice, if I told her all.”

AMELIA, or Amelie comes from the French Aimee and means beloved. Amy, or Aimie, and Emily have the same derivation and meaning. Our vocabulary contains no sweeter, or more loveable name. Happy is she who bears a name full of such sacred-significance, and happy the man who is privileged to whisper in her ear as the highest word of endearment Amie, or Emily, beloved!

ANNA, or Annie, is the Hebrew Hannah, and means kind or gracious.

ARABELLA, or the French Arabelle, has a Latin derivation, and has the meaning of beautiful altar. Before no place of sacrifice bend devouter worshippers:

“Belle, Arabella, Belle,
Fairer than my verse can tell;
Well
I love thee, Arabelle—
Belle!”

AUGUSTUS, is from the Latin, and signifies “increased,” it implies that those who were so named con-

. It is a
as, boast-
and tracing
the Great
ancestors.
ans noble.
Tennyson

tinually grew in power and honor. Its feminine form is Augusta.

BALDWIN, a bold winner; is a fine name of the old Saxon song.

BARBARA, is of Latin derivation, and signifies, strange or foreign. Its mention recalls to mind the melancholy fate of Jemmy Grove of ballad memory who died of a broken heart (poor fellow.)

"For the love of Barbara Allen."

BASIL, means kingly, is of Greek origin. An unpopular name in these republican times.

uch Aimee
Emily have
vocabulary
e. Happy
gnificance,
sper in her
, or Emily,

BEATRICE is derived from the Latin, and means one who blesses or makes happy. Blessed be the man on whom she smiles. No name can be more appropriate for a lovely and affectionate woman. Dante has immortalized it. Shakspeare and Shelly have thrown around it the charm of their verse.

annah, and
has a Latin
tiful altar.
worshippers:

BENJAMIN is a fine old Hebrew name, it means "the man of my right hand." It has been borne by men of renown, among whom were Jonson and Franklin.

BERTHA, means bright, or famous, comes from the Greek.

BIANCA, is the Italian form of Blanche and means white or fair. It is a sweet name in both forms.

CALISTA, means beautiful, is Greek.

gnifies "in-
named con-

CATHARINE, or Katherine, is derived from the Greek, means pure and chaste, and is one of the best of our female names. In Irish it becomes Kathleen. In Flemish, Kataline. A pretty diminutive of Catharine is Katharina; but it is a greater favorite in

its familiarized form of Kate. Who ever knew a Kate who was not frolicksome, mischievous and saucy. The poet says,

" Kate a sweet, but saucy creature,
With a lip of scarlet bloom ;
Woodbines sipping golden sunlight,
Roses drinking rich perfume;
Voice as dainty as the whisper
Founts give in their crystal shrine,
Saucy Kate, so full of mischief,
Would that I could call thee mine."

CHARLES. Some etymologists divine this illustrious name from the German Karl; Anglo-Saxon Ceorl, a word denoting rusticity.

Its true origin is found in the Slavonic Krol, a king. Thus Krol, Korol, Karolus, Carolus, Charles. Krol may have come from the Latin Corolla, or crown. Charles, then is a king, one who is crowned. This seems an appropriate signification for a name which has been borne by so many Kings and Emperors. Charles sometimes is seen in this country in its Spanish form, Carlos. Charlotte is one of the feminine forms of Charles and means a Queen. All Charlottes may be queens of love, and as such must prevail over the hearts of men.

" My Charlotte conquers with a smile,
And reigneth queen of love."

CAROLINE is another feminine form of Charles. Caroline assumes the familiarized, or pet forms of Carrie, Callie, Caro and Cal.

CHARLOTTE lays aside her queenship, and becomes gentle Lottie.

Diamond bright shall Clara wear,
Woven 'mid her shining hair."

DANIEL, a judge, is from the Hebrew.

DAVID, also comes from the Hebrew. It means, well beloved.

DEBORAH, signifying a bee, is another good but homely name from the Hebrew stock.

EDWARD, means truth keeper.

EDWIN, happy winner, comes from the Saxon.

ELEANOR from the French. Eleanore is of Saxon origin and signifies all fruitful.

"Eleanore,
A name for angels to murmur o'er."

EMMA, tender, affectionate, (literally one who nurses, cares for, watches over another) is of German origin. Who could desire his mother, sister, or his beloved to bear a sweeter or a better name? Emeline is simply a diminutive of Emma.

ERASMUS is from the Greek and means beloved.

ERNEST. Ernest is derived from the German. Its feminine form is Ernestine.

EUGENE, nobly descended, is from the Greek. Eugenia is the feminine form.

FRANCIS is of German origin and signifies frank and free. Frances, of which Fanny is the pet name, is the feminine.

FREDERICK means rich, peace.

GEORGE, a farmer, is from the Greek. Georgia, Georgetta and Georgiana are its feminine forms.

GERTRUDE is from the German, signifies all truth.

GRACE means favor. Well may it be a favorite name. "Commend me to the Graces:"

"You may toast your charming Sue,
Praise your Mary's eyes of blue,
Choose whatever name you will,
Your fancy or your verse to fill;
In my line no name has place
But the sweetest one of Grace."

HELEN (Latin Helena, French Helene) is of Greek origin. The true meaning seems to be a vexed question. One etymologist says it meant alluring; another makes it mean a "taker," one who "seizes;" while a third defines it as one who "pities." Many an unfortunate lover found Helen alluring, and has finally been seized, taken and conquered by her bright eyes and sweet voice. Happy he who finds her one who pities, for pity is akin to love. Ellen is a different form of the same name. It is often contracted to Nellie and Nell, and is a fine name in all its forms.

HENRY, means rich lord, is of German origin. It has been borne by many kings, noblemen and patriots. In its familiarized form it becomes Harry. Its femininations are Henrietta, Henrica and Harriet, who, since they cannot be rich lords, should be rich ladies.

ISABEL signifies olive or brown in complexion. This is just the name for a bonny brunette; the poet sings thus:

"Give me the brown girl with the bright, sunny glow."

There is a silvery, bird-like music in the name which is exceedingly attractive, and which has made it a favorite with the poets. One says:

favorite

"Full many maidens names there be,
Sweet to thee,
Fair to me,
And beautiful exceedingly;
But none on my ear so sweet doth swell
As the name of mine own Isabel."

JAMES comes from the old Hebrew stock and is generally supposed to be the same as Jacob. The French Jacques, the Spanish Jayme, the Italian Giacomo, Scotch, Jamie, are the same name.

JOHN comes from the Hebrew, means gracious. The Latin, Juvenis; the Italian, Giovanni; in the Spanish, Juan, and in the French, Jean. It has been the name of some of the greatest men the world has ever produced, such as Milton, Hampden, Calvin, Locke, Dryden, Wesley, Howard, Moliere, Hancock and Adams. We cannot but sympathize with the lament of an unfortunate bearer of that ancient and honored, but much abused name—

"Why did they call me John, I say,
Why did they call me John?
It's surely just the meanest name
They could have hit upon!
Because my father had it too,
And suffered for the same,
Is that a proper reason he
Should propagate the name?"

The English people convert the name into Jack, and the Scotch into Jock, neither of which is either elegant or genteel.

JUDITH means the same as Judah, praise.

JULIUS means soft haired, comes from the Latin, Julia, Juliet, Julietta and Julianna are feminizations

of Julius, and they all should wear on their queenly heads "soft and silken tresses." Julia needs no eulogist, since she is one whom the poets have immortalized. Julietta or Juliet is a diminutive of Julia, but has, as Talbot remarks, apparently united itself with another name, Joliette, the diminutive of Joliet, which means pretty.

LATITIA means joy, a good old Roman name.

MABEL is probably from *Ma Bella*, my fair; some think it a contraction of *amabelis*, lovely or amiable.

MADELINE comes from the Syriac Maydeline, magnificent. It is noble name and a favorite with the poets. Its French form is Madeline. Tennyson says:

"Thou art not steeped in golden languors,
No tranced summer calm is thine,
Ever varying Madeline."

MARTHA comes from the Hebrew, and means bit-ternes.

MARY, the sweetest of all female names, is from the Hebrew and means exalted. It is a famous name both in sacred and secular in all states it has been literally exalted.

"The very music of the name has gone
Into our being."

In the French Mary becomes Maria.

"Is thy name Mary, Maiden fair?
Such should, me thinks, its music be,
The sweetest name that mortals bear
Is but befitting thee!"

MIRANDA means admired; Mira, wonderful. Prince Ferdinand, in "The Tempest," exclaims:

"Admired Mirand! Indeed the top of admiration,"

ROBERT, comes from the old Anglo-Saxon words *ro* or *ru*, red, and *bart*, beard, red-beard; so says Talbot.

ROMEO, a pilgrim, from the Italian.

RUTH is from the Hebrew and signifies a trembler.

SARAH, a princess, comes from the Hebrew. In poetry and song it is changed to Sally or Sallie.

SOPHIA means wisdom, is Greek

SUSAN means lily and is of the Hebrew. The pet name is Sue.

THEODORE is a fine euphonic name from the Greek and signifies "Gift of God." The feminine form is Theodora.

"Since we know her for an angel,
Bearing meek the common load,
Let us call her Theodora,
Gift of God."

VIOLA, a violet, is derived from the Latin. For a pure, modest, bashful maiden.

WALTER means a woodsman.

WILLIAM is of German derivation and means defender of many. This name, says Verestegan, the distinguished French antiquarian, was not given to children, but was a title of dignity imposed upon men who had distinguished themselves as of superior merit. When a German had won high honors in the field of conflict, the golden helmet was placed upon his head, and he was honored with the title of Gildhelm, or golden helmet, and was hailed as a defender. With the French the title was Guildhaume, afterwards Guil-

laume. The German form of William is now Wilhelm. Wilhelmina and Wiliamette are the feminine forms.

“What’s in a name?

Imago, animi, vultus, vitæ, nomæ est?

It is an image of the soul, the face, the life.”

COMMON WORDS FROM ODD DERIVATIONS.

HUMBUG. Etymologists say this word comes from *Hume of the Bog*, a Scotch laird, who was celebrated in Edinburgh circles for his marvelous stories. Hence any tough story was called a regular “Hume of the bog,” and by contraction Humbug.

CANON. From a Greek word meaning “cane,” first a hollow rule used as a measure, then a law or rule. The word is identical with “cannon,” so called from its hollow, tube-like form. Hence it was said wittily that the world in the middle ages was governed by canons and then by cannons—first by Saint Peter, then by salt petre.

BUMPER is a corruption of *le bon pere*, meaning “the Holy Father,” or good father, or Pope, whose health used to be toasted after dinner in all Catholic countries, as in England they drink to the health of the Queen, in overflowing glasses. A bumper is a glass so full that the liquor stands swelling in a *bump*. A bumper must be filled to the brim.

BY-LAWS are not, etymologically, laws of inferior importance, but laws of byes, or towns, as distinguished from the general laws of a kingdom. “By” is the Danish word for town or village; as Whitby, White town; Derby, Deer town, etc

Wilhelm.
forms.

HUSTINGS. *Thing* is the name which the Danes gave to their assemblies held in the open air, as our assemblies on nomination day. Some of their smaller gatherings were held in the house and were known as Hustings, or House things.

HUSBAND comes from house and band.

Tassare—

The name of a husband, what is it to say,
Of wife and the household, the band and the stay.

comes from
celebrated
ies. Hence
ame of the

GIBBERISH. From a famous Giber, an Arab, who sought for the philosophers stone and used various senseless incantations.

ng "cane,"
en a law or
," so called
it was said
governed by
Saint Peter,

ALERT. A picturesque word from the Italian *all'erte*—on the mound or rampart. The alert man is one who is wide awake and watchful, like a good sentinel on duty.

re, meaning
Pope, whose
all Catholic
the health of
bumper is a
ag in a *bump*.

NICE is said to be derived from the Anglo-Saxon *ni*, soft, effeminate; but there is good reason for believing that it is from the Latin *nescious*, ignorant. Chaucer says, "Wise and nothing nice." It is a curious instance of the extraordinary changes of meaning which words undergo that "nice" should come to signify accurate, or fastidious, which implies knowledge and taste rather than ignorance. The explanation is that the diffidence of ignorance resembles the fastidious slowness of discernment.

ws of inferior
ns, as distin-
dom. "By"
e; as Whitby,

HUGUENOTS comes from Huguenot, a small piece of money which in the time of Hugo Capet was worth less than a denier. In a time of persecution some fled through fear, whereupon some of their countrymen said they were poor fellows not worth a Huguenot—whence the nickname in question.

PENSIVE is a picturesque word from *pensare*, the frequentative of *pendere*, to weigh. The French have *pensee*, a thought, the result of mental weighing. A pensive figure is that in which a person appears to be holding an invisible balance of reflection.

IMBECILE. From the Latin *in* and *baculum*, a walking stick; one who through infirmity leans upon a stick.

SNObs may be of classical origin, derived from *sine obola*, without a penny; the higher class were called "nobs," that is nobiltas, the nobility—the snobs were *sine nobilitate* without any aristocratic blood in their veins.

POLICE. From the Latin *polita* from the Greek word *polis*, a city, a state. Hence policy, the science of government; politics, the affairs of state, of police. Shakespeare says:

“————— A poor rogue

Who talks about court news—who's in—who's out—
Who loses and who wins; and takes upon himself
The mystery of things; as if he were heaven's spy.”

HOCTUS POCTUS is a corruption of *Hoc est Corpus*, words once used in necromancy or jugglery.

HELTHER-SKELTER comes from *hilariter et celeriter*, gaily and quickly.

BUT is derived from *be out*, and usually means except; that is *take* or *leave out*. In Scotland this word is still used in its primary meaning. The *but* of a house means the be-out or outer apartment, as *ben* means be-in or the inner one.

ATONE is derived from the words *at one*, in the sense of to agree, to unite. Atone occurs frequently

in Shakespeare and in old authors in this sense, and is often written *at one*. It is also used in active sense; that is, to make, or cause others to be *at one*, or to reconcile; and hence, to reconcile by expiation. Hence atonement, unity, agreement.

CHAUCER :—"If they were wroth she would bring them *at one*,
So wise and ripe words had she."

SHAKESPEARE :—"I would do much to atone them."

RICHARD III :—"The King desires to make *atonement*
Between the Duke and your brothers."

PONTIFF is a synonym for the Pope. Pontifex, from which it springs, bore a precisely similar signification, being applied to the high priest of the heathen religion. The word Pontiff signifies its plain, true and original acceptation a bridge maker. *Pontem facere* signifies to make a bridge.

SIRLOIN. This word owes its origin to Charles II., who, in one of his merry moods, knighted a loin of beef, and hence they say of this cut of beef is called *sir-loin* (sirloin).

TARIFF. This word is derived from the town *Tarifa*, at the mouth of the Straits of Gibraltar. Tarifa was the last stronghold which the Moors held while they controlled the pillars of Hercules. It was here that a money fee was first charged for vessels entering the Mediterranean, whence the word tariff.

STERLING. About the time of Richard I. money coined in the eastern parts of Germany was brought into England and was called easterling money. The English coin was called easterling, then contracted to sterling.

STATIONER. Traders in those olden times used to carry their goods in packs and go from city to city and town to town. When one took up business in a fixed residence he was called a stationer.

TANTALISE. From one Tantalus, who was condemned to undergo a punishment for certain crimes, viz.: to stand in water to his chin, surrounded by fragrant flowers and splendid fruits, and though suffering from the pangs of hunger and thirst, he was not allowed to taste any, hence came the word to tantalise.

TINKERS were originally so called because the itinerant members of that profession used to give notice of their approach by making a tinkling noise on an old brass kettle. In Scotland they are called tinklers.

ATTORNEY. The word attorney is a relic of ancient customs. It signified one who appeared *at the tourney* and did battle by speech for another. These tourneys or tournaments were civil or criminal combats. Those who appeared for another were called attorneys.

COLUMBINE. This word properly means "little dove" or pigeon, because they say the flower so called is like a cluster of little pigeons. In Italian Columina is a term of endearment, as a little dove.

BLANKET. From blanc, blanche, white. Hence blank, at a lottery, because when the ticket is opened there is nothing found but blank or white paper. To look blank is to look like a person who had drawn a blank instead of a prize, or simply to have a blank, pale or frightened look.

BOMBARD. From the Greek *bombus*, a humming or booming noise, and *ardeo*, to burn; because, according to Vossius, it throws iron balls, *cum sonitu et flamma*.

BOMBASIN. From *bombox*, which means a species of wasp and a humming noise; afterwards a silk worm, from its resemblance to a wasp in its grub state.

KNAVE. This word was formerly used to signify a servant, or an attendant of the Queen or King.

LATTICE. Johnson says, "I have derived this word from *let* and *eyes*; let eyes, that which lets the eye."

MANTLE. From the Latin *muntele*, a towel or cloth for wiping the hands; a table cloth; or a loose garment, or cloak thrown over the rest of the dress. Poets speak of the vine mantling or spreading itself, or a blush, because it spreads or suffuses itself over the cheeks.

MILTON:—"The *mantling* vine
Lays forth her purple grape and gently creeps
Luxuriant."

GOLDSMITH:—"Surprised, he sees new beauties rise
Swift *mantling* to the view,
Like colors o'er the morning skies,
As bright and transient, too."

POPE:—"From plate to plate your greedy eye-balls roll,
And the brain dances to the *mantling* bowl."

Hence mantalet, a small mantle of a chimney or a fortification.

BAUBEE. This coin in Scotland and North of England is only a half-penny. It received its name

from the following circumstance. When one of the Kings of Scotland was engaged in coining a large number of half-pence, a son was born unto him, which, when he heard the news, he said, "Let this be called a baubee from baby, in honor of my son."

ALMANAC. The Saxons like their Hebrew ancestors, used to write on sticks; they were good astronomers and paid much attention to the changes of the moon, which they carved upon square sticks; these tablets thus marked were called Al-mon-aght in the Saxon dialect. Al-mon-heed meant *All-must-heed*; from all-mon-aght comes almanac.

AMMONIA OR AMMONIAC. Once on a time there stood a temple to the god Ammon a little west of Egypt. To this temple crowds of pilgrims came from all parts of the world. Large inns were here erected and stables for the camels on which the people rode. The volatile salt was first discovered connected with this pilgrimage track, and in honor of Ammon this volatile substance was called Ammon-ia. Until lately all the sal-ammoniac of commerce, commonly known as muriate of ammonia, came from Egypt. The chemists now extract it from various substances.

APRIL FOOL. Butler says the origin of this name belongs to the French, who gave this name to mackerel, a silly fish easily caught. The English are said to have borrowed the name and day from the French, changing the appellation from fish to fool. I find no record of the day as early as Queen Elizabeth's day.

BLACKGUARD. In royal residences there were a number of persons employed to attend to the wood,

coal, ashes, sculleries, etc. To this smutty squad the name blackguard was given. The name is now applied to men of dark deeds.

BEVERAGE. Beaver with us is a name given to a covering of the head. It comes from the Italian *bevere*, to drink. The word had its origin in the practice of the knights, who used their helmets as drinking vessels where more suitable cups were not on hand. Our English word *beverage* comes from the same root and custom.

PROOF SPIRITS. Before the means of determining the real quantity of alcohol were known they employed a very rude method of forming a notion of its strength. A given quantity of spirits was poured upon a quantity of gunpowder in a dish and set on fire. If it continued dry enough it exploded, but if it became wet with the water in the spirits the flame went out without setting the powder on fire. This was called the proof. Spirits which kindled the powder was said to be called proof.

BULL. The term bull, in a pontifical, is said to be derived from a sort of ornament worn by the young Italian noblemen called *bulloe*, a semi-barbarous Greek word signifying seals or signets. They were round or the figure of a heart, hung about their neck like diamond crosses. Those bulloe came afterwards to be hung to the diplomas of emperors and popes, when they had the name of bulls. To distinguish them from all minor documents and to mark their importance seals of solid gold *bullion* were attached to them by the popes, hence the name *bull*.

The bull creating Henry VIII. "Defender of the Faith" had a gold seal attached to it.

BOOK. Our Teutonic fathers wrote on wood as their fathers were commanded to—*Numbers 17*. Their letters, calendars, records, accounts, etc., were written upon wood. The close grained beech was the favorite wood generally employed, and hence came our word book.

BRANDY comes from the German brand-wein. *i. e.*, *burned* wine.

HOOK OR CROOK. There are several plausible explanations of these words:

1. When Strongbow was talking with his officers on the best way of taking Ireland he said there were two harbors near Waterford; one was called Hook, the other Crook. He would take it by hook or by crook.

2. There were two judges one called Hooke the other Crooke. These judges always favored the King and the people passed it into a proverb "that the King could always get anything he wanted by Hooke or by Crooke."

3. It is quite certain that the phrase dates farther back than 1666, and they were not derived from the names of places or persons. The origin may be found among the incidents of feudal tenure in England. Tenants of lands were allowed to take "firebote," that is necessary fuel. They were restricted to so much as they could take by "hook and crook." The hook or bill was a scythe-shaped tool to cut down only the smallest trees or underbrush, the crook at the end of a pole was used for pulling down and breaking up

the dry branches of trees. By hook if near at hand: by crook if beyond their reach.

Spencer in "Fortunes of the Faithful," published in 1550, says, whatsoever is pleasant or profitable must be had by hook or by crook. Tusser wrote,

"Of mastive and mongrels that many we see,
A number of thousands too many there be;
Watch therefore in Lent, to thy sheepe go and looke,
For dogs will have vittals by hooke and by crooke."

CALENDAR. At Rome, the interest of money was paid on the *Calends*, or first of every month; and the book in which the accounts were kept was called *calendarium*, and hence a register of every month, the root word is the Greek *kaleo*, to call, because the holidays were called out, or proclaimed on the first day of the month.

NEWS. In former times the practice prevailed of putting up the initial letters of the cardinal points of the compass, thus N. E. W. S. news, importing or implying that these papers contained intelligence from the four quarters of the globe.

MONEY. The first silver money coined was struck in the temple of Juna Moneta, and it took the name from the temple.

PAPER MONEY. The Count de Teudilla while besieged by the Moors, in the fortress of Alambra, was destitute of gold and silver, and much murmuring prevailed; this sagacious commander took a number of slips of paper, inscribed various sums large and small and signed them with his own name. These were taken and used as money. This happened in 1484, and was the first paper money on record.

CHAPTER IV.

In the solemn worship of God in the congregation of His people, we might suppose that the oddities and eccentricities of men would be sought for in vain; and yet, even in prayer, we find many things as grotesque and curious as are to be found in any of the fields of human thought and action.

In Scotland the clergy of the Protestant faith have, for centuries been held in reverence which no other Protestant nation has bestowed on its preachers. Scotch annals are full of stories of the sayings and doings of the clergy.

The venerable, the Rev. Dean Ramsey, furnishes us with several examples, and, as he tells us, not to excite amusement, or even laughter, but to show us the quaint humor of times gone by, and of men who were full of wit and wisdom. He tells us of a Highland minister who had been requested to pray for better weather, his people warning him at the same time to be cautious in his language, because the last time he prayed for better weather it had been worse. His prayer ran thus "An noo, O Laird, I ha'e a petition to present: but I maun be unco wary of the wordin' o' it, ye ken. O Laird the kittle state the crops are in; just send us a soughin rain and a dryin breeze, as 'ill save the straw and no spoil the heed; for if you send us a tearin, rearin, thunder storm as ye did the last time I prayed for gude weather, ye'll play the very mischief with the aits, and fairly spoil aw."

Another clergyman once praying for rain entreated the Lord to uncork the bottles of heaven and to send down refreshing showers. The drought had lasted a long time. The rain commenced with great violence on Tuesday, and continued until Friday, then commenced again on Sabbath and rained heavily. When the minister prayed again, saying, "O Lord we recently took occasion to entreat thee to uncork the bottles of heaven and send us refreshing showers; but we did not mean that the corks should be thrown away."

Parson Howe, on a similar occasion said in prayer, O Lord we want rain very much; the rye is suffering prodigiously; of corn we shall not have half a crop; as for potatoes and turnips it is all up with them; and the grass in Deacon Comstock's lawn is as red as a fox's tail.

A pious Elder was called to pray after a battle had been fought, said thus, O Lord, I never seed such a day as yesterday; and I don't believe you ever did.

We are unable to account for the extraordinary doings and sayings of those men. See Rev. Wild in 1662 Vicar of Almo, who is remembered for doing a very good thing in a very odd way. He presented six bibles to a church in his native town, St. Ives, for twelve persons were to cast dice in the church. There were to be six males and six females. The dice were to be thrown on Whitsunday while the minister knelt and prayed, that God would direct the dice to his glory.

Members of committee, waiting for a quorum, beguiled the time by relating a story from Max O'Rell's "Sandy Macdonald." This was capped by another

member who told of an old Scotch minister. He was sitting in his study one hot sultry summer's day, when the heat was very oppressive. He suddenly bethought himself to pray that the Lord would send some wind to cool the atmosphere. As he rose from his knees a little puff of wind came through the open window, and scattered the leaves of his half written sermon all over the floor; stooping to pick them up the minister exclaimed, "Oh Lord, that's ridiculous!" Another member said—Did he say that in all seriousness? Answer. In all seriousness.

In the west there lived a family of the name of Beaver. The father and three sons were all hard cases. they often laughed and ridiculed devoted men of God, who, were themselves, perhaps a little eccentric. It happened that one of the Beaver boys was bitten by a rattle snake, and was thought to be near dying, Rev. Father Cartwright, was called in to pray with the family, among other things said in an odd way. "O Lord we thank Thee for rattlesnakes, we thank Thee because a rattlesnake has bitten John; we pray Thee to send a rattlesnake to bite Jim; and O Lord send the biggest kind of a rattlesnake to bite the old man; for nothing but rattlesnakes will ever bring the Beaver family to repentance."

Rev. Mr. Peden, a Scotch Highlander in times of persecution, when he, and many others fled from their homes, kneeled down in their flight, and prayed for the dear folks at home in these words, "Twine them about the hill, Lord, and cast the lap of thy cloak over old Sandy, and the poor things; and we will keep

He was
day, when
bethought
some wind
his knees a
window, and
on all over
minister ex-

Another
sness? An-

the name of
all hard cases.
men of God,
eccentric. It
is bitten by a
dying, Rev.
pray with the
old way. "O
re thank Thee
we pray Thee
Lord send the
old man; for
ing the Beaver

under in times
hers fled from
ht, and prayed
s, "Twinethem
p of thy cloak
nd we will keep

in remembrance, and tell it to the commendation of thy goodness, pity and compassion, what thou didst for us at such a time."

An aged minister was praying at the opening of the General Assembly. In 1618 King James VI. afterwards James I. of England—published his "book of sports," and commanded that certain of them, which he said were lawful to be observed, should be played in the several churchyards every Sunday at the close of the service. Dr. Rogers says: John Ross, minister of Blairgowrie, adopted a novel method of withstanding the Royal ordinance. He was a strong athletic man and seemed much interested in the recreation enjoyed by the Monarch. Football was selected by the parishoners of Blairgowrie from the list of Sunday games. When the services of the church were completed, Mr. Ross appeared among his people in the churchyard, and at once proceeded to join them in their sport. Throwing his coat on a tombstone he said,

"Lie ye there,
Minister o' Blair,
Till I, John Ross,
Get a game at the ba."

None of the assemblage kicked more eagerly at the football than did the reverend incumbent. But constant misfortune seemed to attend him; for every kick missed the ball and fell heavily on the ancles of those who stood near. Apologies were promptly tendered, and of course readily accepted; though every Sunday many of the players returned home halting. At length it was unanimously agreed that, on account

of the minister's awkwardness the games should be abandoned. This was the end desired by the ingenious divine.

Dr. Hugh Blair, the celebrated rhetorician and his colleague, Dr. Walker were respectfully the most eloquent exponents of the theories of works and grace as the essential doctrines of Christianity. One Sunday Dr. Blair, warming in his presentation of his favorite theme, thus apostrophized virtue: "O virtue, if thou wert embodied all men would love thee?"

Dr. Walker, in the afternoon in the course of his sermon rejoined as follows: "Virtue has been embodied. Did all men love her? No: she was despised and rejected of men, who, after defaming her, insulting and scourging her led, her to calvary, where they crucified her between two thieves."

James Oliphant had a curious habit of making running comments in a low tone of voice. Here are specimens of his pulpit notes. Reading of the swine rushing into the sea, he muttered, "Oh that the devil had been choked too!" Reading Peter's remark, "We have left all and followed thee," he said quietly. Aye boastin' Peter, aye braggin'—what had you to leave, but an old crazy boat and twa or three rotten nets?—

The Scotch, as a rule, dislike "fine words." "Fine words butter no parsnips," is, with them, a favorite proverb. One of the clergymen who often used "dictionary words" was waited upon by a deputation, and asked, when he used unfamiliar expressions in the pulpit to stop and explain them. The dry humor of this advice met a fitting reward. On the next Sunday, he chanced to use the word hyperbole. He at once

stopped and added. As agreed on, I now beg leave to give an apt illustration of this term. Were I to say at this moment that the whole of my congregation were sound asleep, this certainly would be an hyperbole; but if I say at this moment that one half are in this abject condition, this would not be a hyperbole, but the truth."

Talking about "fine phrases," recalls another story of a clergyman who had a fondness for long words; and undertook to instruct one of his church officers in the use of them. One night as they were about to leave the vestry, John asked the minister if he should put out the candles! "say extinguish," answered the clergymen, and not "put out." "An," said John, "does extinguish always stand for put out?" "Always," replied the minister. The next Sunday it happened that a dog barked in the church. John at once rose in his seat, and solemnly gave the order:—"Some one will please extinguish that dog."

John Brown of Haddington was the author of several works on Theology. He courted a lady upwards of six years. He was so singularly modest and bashful that he had never ventured to kiss her. One day it occurred him that it would not be a bad thing to do. So he said, "Janet, ma woman, we've been acquainted now for six, an,' an,' I never got a kiss yet. D'ye think I may take one, my bonnie lass?" The reply was wonderfully characteristic of the Scottish maiden. "Jist as ye like, John," said she, "only be becomin' and proper we' it." "Surely, Janet," said John, "We'llask a blessin." The blessing was asked, and the kiss exchanged. "O woman," said the en-

raptured but still devout minister, "O woman, but it gude; well noo return thanks," and they did so.

Many amusing incidents are on record of Mr. Robert Shirra, of Kirkealdy. One Sunday, the heat of the Kirk, or, want of ventilation, or, worldly-mindedness caused a large number of the congregation to become drowsy, the preacher suddenly stopped short and said. "Hold up your heads, my friends, and mind that neither saints nor sinners are sleeping in the other world!"

Nearly every drowsy hearer became attentive; but one man fell asleep again and snored. The minister stopped again and addressed him, "John Stewart, this is the second time that I've stoppit to awaken you, but I give you fair warnin' that if I need to stop again, I'll expose you by name to the congregation."

Once Mr. Shirra was reading the 119th Psalm as a morning lesson. "I will run the way of thy commandments when Thou shalt enlarge my heart." He said, "Well David, what is your first resolution," "I will run." "David run away, what hinders you? What is your next?" "I will run the way of thy commandments." "Better run yet, David, run on. What is your next?" "I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart." "No thanks to you David: we could all run as well as you with such help."

Mr. S—— was eloquent as well as quaint. Probably the finest refutation of the notion of liberty and equality, as France proclaimed it is found in a reply to a deputation from his people asking his views on the question. He said to them, My friends, I had a call

from some of you the other day, desiring to know my opinion on liberty and equality, I now fulfill my promise, since your visit I have traveled in spirit over the universe, and I shall just tell you what I have seen in my travels.

I have traveled over the earth, its frozen and burning zones, mountains and valleys, moist places and dry, fertile lands and sandy deserts, and I have seen men and children, big and little, strong and weak, wise and ignorant, good and bad, powerful and helpless, rich and poor. No equality there.

I have traveled through the sea, its depths and shoals, rocks and sand banks, whirlpools and eddies; I have found monsters and worms, whales and herring, sharks and shrimps, mackerel and sprats, the strong devouring the weak, the big swallowing the little. No equality there.

I have ascended to heaven with its greater and lesser lights, suns and satellites; and I have found thrones and dominions, principalities and powers, angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim. No equality there.

I have descended into hell, and there I have found Beelzebub, the prince of devils and his grim councillors, Moloch and Belial, tyrannizing over the other devils and all of them over the souls of wicked men. No equality there.

This is what I have seen in my travels, and I think I have traveled far enough: If any of you wish to search for yourselves you need not travel the road I have taken, you will not find what you want on earth, or in the sea, neither in Heaven nor in Hell. I have

given you my experience, it rests with you to make a proper use of it.

AN ODD PRAYER.

A Virginia slave, who had heard of the President's promise concerning the proclamation to be issued, on the 1st of January, then only a few days in the future, was heard praying, and with great earnestness, and a deeply affected heart, thus, "O God almighty! keep the engine of the rebellion going till New Years! Good Lord! pray don't let off the steam! Lord, don't reverse the engine! don't back up! Lord, don't put on the brakes! But pray, good Lord, put on more steam! Make it a mile a minute! yes Lord, pray make it go sixty miles an hour, Amen! Do good Lord! responds the brethren and sisters. "Lord don't let the express train of rebellion smash up till the first of January. Don't let the rebels break down but harden their hearts as hard as Pharaoh's, and help all hands going until the train reaches the depot of emancipation.

SOLDIER WIT.

The colonel of an Alabama regiment was famous for having everything done up in military style, once, while field officer of the day and going his rounds of inspection, he came on a sentinel from the Eleventh Mississippi regiment sitting down at his post, with his gun taken entirely to pieces, when the following dialogue took place. Colonel, "Don't you know that a sentinel while on duty should always keep on his feet?" Sentinel without looking up, "That's the way we used to do when the war first began; but that's

played out long ago." Colonel, (beginning to doubt if the man was on duty) "Are you the sentinel here?" Sentinel, "Well, I'm sort of sentinel." Colonel, "Well I'm a sort of officer of the day." Sentinel, "Well, if you'll hold on till I sort of get my gun together, I'll give you a sort of salute."

A popular Anglican minister residing in Glasgow, while on a visit to that city, in a reply to an invitation to partake of some fruit, said that he had never in his life tasted an apple, pear, grape or any kind of green fruit. A cautious Scotch man, of a practical turn of mind, dryly remarked: "It's a peety but you had been in Paradise, and there might na hae been ony faa."

Happening to call on a neighbor, I asked after the children of a person who lived close by, she replied. "There no hame yet—gaed awa to the English church to get a clap o' the heid." It was confirmation day.

An old lady of large proportions, and had many ailments, which she bore cheerfully and patiently. When asked one day by a friend how she was, "Oh just middling; there's ower muckle o' me to be a' weel at a time."

A boatsman called Boatie of Deeside had been nearly lost in a squall, and saved only after great exertion, was told by his aunt that he should be very grateful to Providence for his safety. The man, not meaning to be ungrateful, but viewing his preservation in the purely matter-of-fact light quietly answered. Weel, weel, Mrs. Russell; Providence here, or Provi-

dence there, an I had na worked sair myself, I had been drowned.

About as cool "aside" as I know was that of an old dealer who was exhorting his son to practise honesty in his dealings on the ground of its being the "best policy," quietly added, "I hae tried baith."

A Scotch piper was passing through a deep forest, in the evening he sat down to eat his supper, when a number of hungry wolves made their appearance. In self defence he began to throw pieces of his victuals to them, which they greedily devoured. In a fit of despair he took his pipes and began to play. The unusual sound terrified the wolves, which took to their heels, Sandy quietly said, "Od, an I'd kenned ye liket the pipes sae weel, I'd a gien ye a spring afore supper."

I don't know a better example of sly sarcasm than the following answer of a Scottish servant to his enraged master. A well-known coarse and abusive law functionary was driving on his grounds, was shaken by his carriage striking a stone at the gate. He was very angry, and ordered the gatekeeper to have it removed before his return; on coming home the shock was still more severe, the angry man roared out "you rascal, if you don't send that beastly stone to h—— I'll break your head." "Well," said the man quietly, and without meaning anything irreverent, "aiblinsgin it were sent to heaven it wad be more out of your lordship's way."

Rev. Patrick Stewart one Sunday took to the pulpit a sermon without looking at the first few pages, as he rose to commence his sermon, he said, "My brethren, I find that the mice have made free with the

beginning of my sermon, so that I cannot tell you whaur the text is ; but we will just begin whaur the miece have left off, and we'll find the text as we go along."

An old batchelor, a minister, on entering the pulpit one day, found that he had forgotten his sermon. He accordingly stood up in the pulpit and thus accosted his faithful domestic, Annie: I say Annie, we're committed a mistake the day, you maun jist gang your waa's hame, and ye'll get my sermon out of "the breek-pouch," an wee'l sing to the praise o' the Lord till ye come back. Annie, of course, at once executed her important commission and brought the sermon out of the breek-pouch, und the service was completed.

DR. BYROM, on preaching.

"The specious sermons of a learned man
Are little else than flashes in the pan,
The mere haraunging (upon what they call
Morality) is powder without ball;
But he who preaches with a Christian grace,
Fires at our vices, and the shot takes place."

AN EPICTURE DYING.

"At length, my friends, the feast of life is o'er ;
I've ate sufficient—and I'll drink no more,
My night is come ; I've spent a jovial day ;
Tis time to part ; but O ! what is to pay?"

A sermon preached by an old minister to three highwaytuen who had robbed him and four gentlemen; but he begged very hard for a little money, and they "being generous fellows" gave him all his money back again on condition of his preaching them a sermon. So taking them off the highway he said : "Gentle-

men, you are the most like the old apostles of any men in the world, for they were wanderers upon the earth, and so are you; they had neither lands nor tenements that they could call their own, neither, as I presume, have you; they were despised of all but those of their own profession, and so, I believe, are you; they were unalterably fixed in the principles they professed, and I dare say so are you; they were often hurried into jails and prisons, were persecuted by the people, and endured great hardships—all of which sufferings, I presume, have been undergone by you; their profession brought them all to untimely deaths, and if you continue in your course, so will yours bring you. But in this point, beloved, you differ mightily; for the apostles ascended from the tree into heaven, where, I am afraid, you will never come; but as their deaths were compensated with eternal glory, yours will be rewarded with eternal shame and misery, unless you mend your manners."

A HAPPY CONSUMMATION.

At Christ's church, on Easter Sunday, the minister announced that the offertory would be applied to reducing the debt on the church. During the singing of the anthem, while the collection was being taken up, the tenor, who was a German, had a solo in which occurred the words: "And the dead shall be raised." He succeeded in electrifying the congregation by giving out at the top of his voice, "Und ze debt shall be raised in ze twinkling of an eye."

PUNGENT PREACHING.

An old man, being asked his opinion of a certain sermon, replied, I liked it very well, except that there was no pinch to it. I always like to have a pinch to every sermon. I was reminded of this anecdote by the remark of a son of Neptune from Nantucket, whom I met in the gallery of a crowded church last Sabbath evening. He said, "It was a handsome sermon, but he would have liked it better if it had struck the harpoon into the conscience of the sinner."

THE TONGUE.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword,"

The Persian proverb wisely saith:
"A lengthy tongue an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead:
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sages this impart:
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit this maxim sprung:
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole:
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

REV. MR. SUMMERFIELD.—It is recorded of the late Mr. Summerfield that being asked by a bishop where he was born, he replied, "I was born in Eng-

land, and born again in Ireland." What do you mean? said the bishop? "Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things," was the reply.

ROWLAND HILL.—The secret of his success in preaching lay in his keeping close to nature; for what affected his own heart, used to affect the hearts of others. Sheridan used to say of him, I go to hear Rowland Hill because his ideas come *red-hot* from his heart: on one occasion, Dr. Milner, the dean of Carlisle, was so wrought upon by the sermon, that he went to him, and said, "Mr. Hill, Mr. Hill, I felt to-day; 'tis this slap-dash preaching, say what they will, that does all the good."

Notices on slips of paper were perpetually placed in Mr. Hill's hands as he entered the pulpit. An impudent fellow placed a notice on the reading desk, just before he was to read prayers. He took it, and began reading it aloud to the congregation. The prayers of this congregation are desired—umph—for—umph—well, I suppose I must finish what I have begun—for the Rev. Rowland Hill, that he will not go riding about in his carriage on a Sunday! This would have disconcerted almost any other man; but he looked up as coolly as possible, and said, "If the writer of this piece of folly and impertinence is in the congregation, and will go into the vestry after service, and let me put a saddle on his back, I will ride him home instead of going in my carriage." He then went on with the services as if nothing had happened.—*Life by Sidney.*

UNHALLOWED CURIOSITY.

When Augustine was once asked, what God was doing before creation, he answered, "Preparing Hell for impertinent querists." Luther was wont to pray thus, From a vain, glorious doctor, from a contentious pastor, and from unprofitable vuestions, the good Lord deliver His church.

WHITEFIELD. The late Mr. Whitefield in a sermon he preached at Haworth for Mr. Grimshaw having spoken severely of those professors of the gospel who, by their loose and evil conduct, caused the ways of truth to be evil spoken of, intimated his hope, that it was not necessary to enlarge much upon that point to the congregation before him, who had so long enjoyed the benefit of an able and faithful preacher, and he was willing to believe that their profiting appeared to all men. This roused Mr. Grimshaw's spirit, and notwithstanding the great regard he had for the preacher, he stood up and interrupted him, saying, with a loud voice, "Oh sir! for God's sake do not speak so; I pray, you do not flatter them; I fear the greater part of them are going to hell with their eyes open."

PERSEVERANCE.—Two colored men who had been to hear an eloquent discourse, were conversing about it, when one of them remarked "that he could not understand," The other replied that he understood all but one word. "What dat?" "Persewerance!" "Oh, me tell you what dat means, it means, take right hold, hold fast, hang on, and no let go."

REV. ROWLAND HILL often repeated of a favorite author: Mr. Bigotry fell and broke his leg; would that he had broken his neck!

“A MAN AND HIS SHOES.”

How much a man is like old shoes!
For instance, both a soul may lose.
Both have been tanned, and both are made tight
By cobblers, and both get left and right.
Both need a mate to be complete,
And both are made to go on feet.
Both need healing and both grow old,
And both in time will turn to mould.
With shoes the last is first, with men
The first shall be last, and when
Shoes wear out, they're mended new,
When men wear out they're men—dead too.
They both are trod upon, and both
Tread on others nothing loth.
Both have their ties, and both incline
When polished in the world to shine.
They both peg out. So would you choose
To be a man or be his shoes?

HAYNES.—When a revival of religion was in progress in his parish, and Satan gave intimations of dissatisfaction, (as he is wont to do at such times) some of his students, having been slandered for their zeal and activity, made their complaints to him of what they had suffered, and expected his sympathy and protection. After a pause, Mr. Haynes observed, “I knew all this before.” “Why, then,” said one, “did you not inform us?” “Because,” said he, “It was not worth communicating; and I tell you plainly, and once for all, my young friends, it is best to let the devil carry his own mail and bear its expenses.”

"THE DEVIL IS DEAD."—It is said that some time after the publication of Mr. Hayne's sermon on the text, "Thou shalt not surely die," two reckless young men having agreed together to try his wit, one of them said to Father Haynes, "Have you heard the good news?" "No," said he, "What is it?" "It is great news," "indeed," said the other, "and if true your business is over." "What is it," again inquired Mr. Haynes. "Why," said the other, "the devil is dead." In a moment the old gentleman replied, "oh, poor fatherless children what will become of you?"

THE USE OF TIME.

The celebrated Lord Coke wrote the subjoined distich which he strictly observed, in the distribution of time :—

"Six hours to sleep—to law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer—the rest to nature fix."

But Sir William Jones, a wiser economist of the fleeting hours of life, mended the sentiment in the following lines :—

"Seven hours to law—to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world, allot—and all to heaven "

Dr. Rush once asked Mr. Morris how he liked a sermon that was much talked off. "Why, doctor," said he, "I did not like it all, it is too smooth and tame for me." "Mr. Morris," said the doctor, "what sort of sermon do you like?" "I like, sir," replied Mr. Morris, "that preaching which drives me up into the corner of the pew, and makes me think the devil is after me."

WHAT IS A CORNSTALK?

What is this God about whom you have been saying so much? said an unbeliever to a preacher, after hearing a discourse about God. "God is a spirit," replied the preacher. What is a spirit! asked the sceptic, fiercely. What is a cornstalk? rejoined the preacher. Why, why, a cornstalk is a cornstalk. Yes sir, said the preacher, a spirit is a spirit; and if you cannot tell me what a cornstalk is, which you have seen a thousand times, and know has an existence, why do you ask me to tell you what the Infinite spirit is, or why do you doubt his existence?

The skeptic was dumb, as all unbelievers are, and will, when they stand to be judged by that God whose name they blaspheme and whose words they despise.

NO SUBSTITUTE FOR CHRISTIANITY.

Infidels should never talk of our giving up Christianity till they can propose something superior to it. Lord Chesterfield's answer, therefore, to an infidel lady was very just. When at Brussels he was invited by Voltaire to sup with him and Madam C. The conversation happening to turn upon the affairs of England. "I think, my Lord," said Madame C., "that the parliament of England consists of five or six hundred of the best informed men in the kingdom." "True, madame, they are generally supposed to be so." "What, then, my lord, can be the reason they tolerate so great an absurdity as Christianity." "I suppose, madame," replied his Lordship, "it is because they have not been able to substitute anything better

in its stead; when they can, I don't doubt but in their wisdom they will readily adopt it."

HUMAN NATURE.

When some one was talking before that Scotchman, Dr. Cheyne, of the excellence of human nature, "Hoot, hoot, mon," said he, human nature is a rogue, and a scoundrel, or why would it perpetually stand in need of laws and religion.

POOR STUFF.

"Well, Father Brown, how did you like the sermon yesterday?" asked a young preacher. "Ye see, parson," was the reply, "I haven't a fair chance at them sermons of yours. I am an old man now, and have to sit pretty well back by the stove, and there's old Miss Smithie, Widder Taff, and Ryland's daughters, and all the rest, sittin in front of me with their mouths open swallowing down all the best of the sermon an what gets down to me is pretty poor stuff, parson, pretty poor stuff."

A magnificent memorial window was last year presented to St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, by American citizens, in honor of Sir Walter Raleigh, whose headless body was carried to the church from the scaffold. The following four lines were written as an inscription for the window by Mr. J. Russell Lowell, the American Minister:

The New World's sor : from England's breast we drew
Such milk as bids remember whence we came,
Proud of her past wherefrom our future grew,
This window we inscribe with Raleigh's fame.

A fine window presented to the church about the same time, mainly by the publishers and printers of London, in honor of Caxton, who also lies buried there. For this window the following four lines have been written as an inscription by Mr. Tennyson. They are founded on Caxton's motto, "*Fiat lux*," which is emblazoned on the window :

Thy prayer was, "Light—more Light—while Time shall last!"

Thou sawest a glory growing on the night,
But not the shadows which that light would cast,
Till shadows vanish in the Light of Light.

ODD LAWS.

THE BLUE LAWS OF CONNECTICUT RELATING TO RELIGION.

No man shall be a free man, or give a vote, unless he be a member in full communion with one of the churches allowed in this dominion.

Each free man shall swear by the blessed God to bear true allegiance to this dominion and that Jesus is the only King. No man shall hold office who is not sound in faith to his denomination.

No lodging or food shall be offered to a Quaker, Adamite, or any other heretic.

If any person turns Quaker, he shall be banished, and if he returns, he shall suffer death.

No priest shall abide in the dominion, he shall be banished and suffer death if he return.

No person shall run on the Sabbath, or walk in the arden or elsewhere, except fervently to and from meetings. No person shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, shave or cut hair on the Sabbath day.

The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

No person shall read common prayer, keep Christmas or Saint's day, make mince pies, play cards, dance or play any kind of music except the trumpet, or Jews harp.

No minister shall join people in marriage; the magistrate only shall join people in marriage as they may do it with less scandal to Christ's church.

DRY SERMONS.

One of our city clergymen on removing hither with his household gods and goods, carefully packed his sermons and marked the box "keep dry." It is not every preacher who is willing to make such an admission in black and white.



CHAPTER V.

A collection of the oddities of the Press, would, to my mind, form a most interesting chapter in the curiosities of literature, I here present my readers with a few specimens which have come under my own observation.

Some years ago the London *Times*, in speaking of a discussion before the council of ministers, when Lord Brougham was Chancellor, stated "that the *chandelier* had thrown an extraordinary light upon the question."

In one of the editions of Davidson's Popular English Grammar, the principle parts of the verb, to chide, were given as follows:—"Present infinitive—to chide; past finite—I chide; past infinitive—to have children."

In the London *Courier*, some years ago, his majesty George the IV., was said to have a fit of the goat at Brighton, the doctors called it the gout.

Another journal advertised a sermon by a celebrated divine on the Immorality of the Soul, and also one on the Lies of the Poets, a work, no doubt, of many volumes.

The London *Globe* once gave an extract from the Registrar's returns, in which it was stated that the inhabitants of London were suffering at that time "from a high rate of *morality*."

A wag, once asked what is treason, but reason to a T? Which T. an accident of the Press may displace

with most awkward effect. On the other hand, a printer who omitted the first letter of Mr. Haswell's name might have pleaded that it was as well without the H.

In a volume of American Chancery Reports, it is said to be decided that carpenters (c.-partners) are liable for one another's debts.

Some years ago an editor of the South, wishing to congratulate General Pillow after his return from Mexico as a battle scarred veteran, was made by the types to characterize him as a "battle scarred veteran." The indignant general rushing into the editorial sanctum, demanding an explanation, which was given, and a correction promised in the next day's paper. Judge of the editor's feelings on the morrow, when, as if to heap horrors upon horrors, he found the general styled in the revised paragraph, "that scarred veteran!!"

This was less excusable than the blunder of an English journal, which stated, "that the Russian General Backinoffkowski was found dead with a long word in his mouth," for no compositor could be blamed for leaving out a letter in a sentence after setting up such a name correctly. A long sword was intended.

In an article on the subject of literature for children, we wrote: "It is true they will devour the most indigestible pubulum for want of better." The last word of this sentence was transformed by the typographical imp for want of *butter*.

Perhaps the most fearful error of the Press that ever occurred was caused by the letter C dropping out of the following passage in a "form" of the book of

common prayer: "We shall all be changed in a moment in the twinkling of an eye."

When the book appeared, the passage, to the horror of the devout reader, was printed thus, "We shall all be *hanged* in a moment in the twinkling of an eye."

Some years ago the editor of the Portland, Me., *Argus* undertook to compliment an eminent citizen "as a noble old burgher, proudly loving his native state;" but the neatly turned compliment came from compositors hands, "a nobby old burglar prowling round in a naked state."

This is almost a match for a telegraphic blunder of which the Rev. Joseph Cook tells. Not long ago Ernest Renan had occasion to telegraph across the British Channel the subject of a proposed lecture by him in Westminster Abbey. The subject, as written by him, was, "The Influence of Rome on the Formation of Christianity." It was announced all over England, "The Influence of Rum on the Digestion of Humanity."

A reporter paid a well-known city belle a compliment, saying, "Her dainty feet were encased in shoes that might have been taken for fairy boots." Next morning it read, "Her dirty feet were encased in shoes that might have been taken for ferry boats."

A writer in a recent article repeated the anecdote of the poet and wrote, "See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire." Imagine his surprise, as, next morning it read, "See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire."

It must have been a new beginner that set up Gambetta, making it read "I am better."

A lumber merchant reported "a bridge carried away by a drive of logs." The morning paper had it "a bridge carried away by a drove of hogs."

An advertisement was handed in "The Christian's dream, no cross, no crown," it appeared, "The Christians dream, no cows, no cream."

A reporter of a Chicago paper once referred to an intelligent craftsman as "a thinking tailor," the printer made it read "a thieving tailor." The storm struck the reporter and not the printer.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* once created a sensation, in display type, that a gang of American counterfeiters "had been shaving the Queen," when shoving the queer was intended.

One of the worst instances of misprint was where the heading "A Honeymoon Cut Short," was printed in full face type, "A Hungarian cut throat."

Another equally disagreeable blunder, to the parties interested, was where a distinguished traveler was reported as having recently died in the "richness of sin." An apology was made the next issue when the editor informed the public that the "interior of Asia" was what he intended to write.

Perhaps no newspaper writer was ever more disturbed by a trifle than was the society reporter, who, in describing the belle of a fashionable party, intended to say, "she looked *au fait*," but found that an unfeeling printer had made it read "she looked *all feet*."

Of all writers, the late Horace Greeley was most noted for illegible copy. On one occasion he penned something about "suburban journalism advancing," but the type setter thinking it one of his famous

agricultural articles, launched out wildly with the words, "superb Jerusalem artichokes."

In one of Greeley's articles "William H. Seward," was turned into "William the Third," and the quotation from Shakspeare, "'tis true, tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true," came out, "tis two, tis fifty and fifty, tis fifty two."

It is somewhat singular how often the omission of a seemingly insignificant letter will alter the entire meaning of a sentence. For instance, several errors are recorded where the letter "n" has been omitted from the word "window," invariably placing a widow in some embarrassing position; as where on the occasion of a street pageant, a gentleman unwittingly advertised "several widows for hire;" and the even worse blunder, in a religious paper which gratefully recorded the fact that "Mr. ——— had very generously placed a stained-glass widow in the church at ———

The other day "Yankee Doodle" was printed "Yankee Boodle."

A poem in the Somerville (Mass.) *Journal* once contained this remarkable stanza:

"Who took me from my childhood's home,
And said he'd love me all alone,
And for my sacrifice atone?
Dickenson my husband."

"Dickson" was the namé of the husband; it was simply a quad put in wrong side up, showing the maker's name, which is usually stamped on the bottom of the type. (Quads—blanks to fill out broken lines—are shorter than letters, and ought not to show in

printed matter; but a new roller with a strong suction will often pull one up to the surface.)

It is stated, on the authority of the historian Kinlake, that it was the intention of Louis Napoleon to call himself simply Louis Napoleon, and that the title Napoleon III. was due solely to an error of the types. Just before the *coup de etat*, a minister of the home office, busy preparing public sentiment, wrote, *Que le mot d'ordre soit vive Napoleon !!!* The printer took the exclamations for "III," and so the proclamation went out, was copied by the Press, and incorporated in public speech. It was no time for explanation, and so the nephew of his uncle adopted the title.

The most carefully edited journal is fallible. On the New York *Herald*, proof readers have been suspended for weeks. In spite of this severe discipline, the *Herald* once made the astonishing announcement that a long line of scorpions feathers filed into church, instead of surpliced fathers."

It was in the New York *World's* report of a political meeting that the word "*shouts*" was so ludicrously misprinted as to make the blunder famous. The "*snouts*" of 10,000 people rent the air, read the report.

A blunder once turned "evoking the shadow of a shade into "cooking the shadow of a shad." Another changed the title of Bret Harte's story, "Wan Lee, the Pagan," in a review into, "William Lee, the Pagan."

BAD PUNCTUATION.

After him came Lord Salisbury on his head; a white hat on his feet; large, but well-blacked boots on

his brow; a dark cloud in his hand; the unavoidable walking stick in his eyes; a threatening look in gloomy silence.

A Pittsburg paper made rather a ridiculous blunder lately. The editorial said, "The Legislature pasted the bill over the governor's head."

Will you please insert this obituary notice! asked an old gentleman of a country editor. "I make bold to ask it because I knew the deceased had a great many friends about here who'd be glad to hear of his death."

A country doctor in conversing with a friend about the high rate of mortality then prevailing, he remarked, "Bedad, there are people dying who never died before!" Speaking of a neighbor who was a daring, rather than an expert, mariner, he related how "his yacht had stuck fast and loose in the mud."

An Irish newspaper referring to a robbery, said, "all the money was recovered, after a diligent search, except a pair of boots."

An inquest was held and a verdict rendered, "that this person met his death by the visitation of God under suspicious circumstances."

There is some very odd blunders gleaned from the reports of stenographers. Gross receipts was made to read, grocery seats.—Tamarack Ruess, reads dum ricketyknees.—The mother's prayer, reads the mother's prior.—He was a little fellow, read, he was a little full.—They captured two parrot guns. They captured two pirate guns.—The woman was baking bread, the woman was begging bread.—I found the horse in that pasture, in that posture.—Counsel offered paper in

evidence, reads, counsel offered a pauper in evidence. Arthur Waite, the chalk-talk evangelist, reads, Arthur Waite the chocktaw evangelist.—The showers were not sufficient to meet the wants of millmen, reads, wants of milkmen.— In the intervening time he said nothing, in the entire evening time he said nothing.— I came with my brothers, Horace and Henry, reads, I came with my brother's horse and Henry.— A medical witness, speaking of the illness of a lady patient said, "she appeared to be somewhat unstrung and nervous." The transcriber made him say, "she appeared to be kneesprung and nervous."— A minister preaching a sermon on the death of a gentleman named Samuel, quoted: "And buds and blossoms in the dust." He was amazed to read in the next issue of the paper; "and buds and blows Samuel in the dust."

An attorney asked a female witness how she came to be employed by the plaintiff, and she answered; I saw a sign in the window, "Female clerks wanted here." The blundering reporter rendered it, "Family color warranted here."

An orator referred to the different religious sects, or denominations going for one another throughout the country, and said: "Here we have one sect persecuting another," and was so reported, but the transcriber rendered it, "here we have one sick person feeding another," *and* so it appeared in the papers.

Several years ago an eminent lawyer hired one of these professors to take testimony in an important case. The transcribed minutes astonished him, they read, a patent, upon which much depended in the suit, was converted into a "potentate;" a "solid frame," was



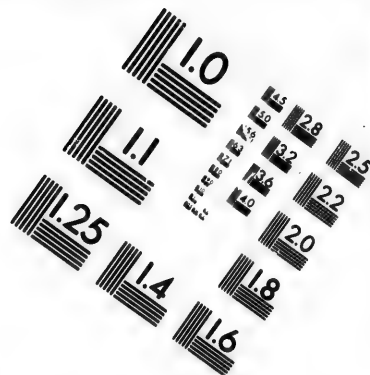
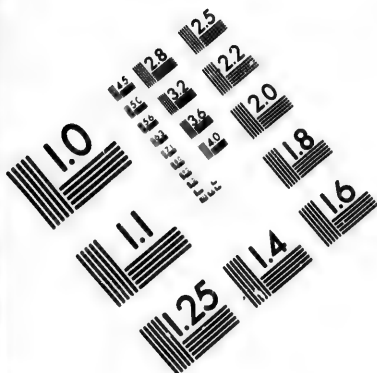
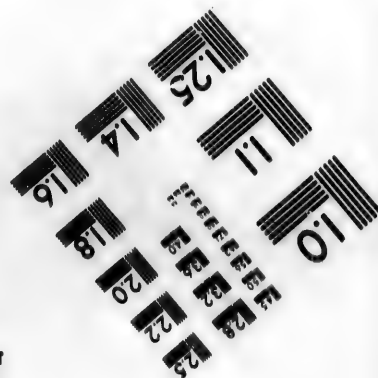
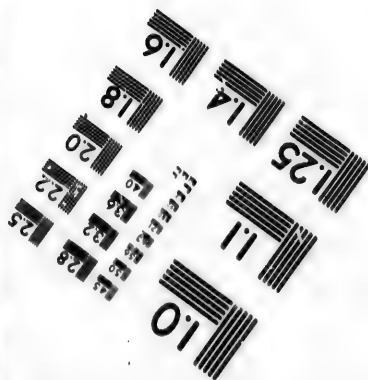
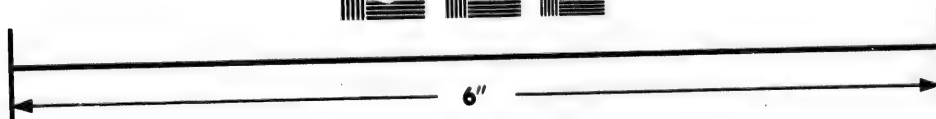
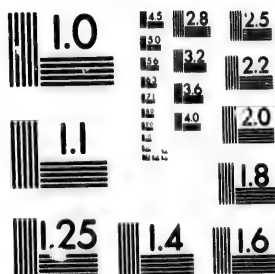


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic
Sciences
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

15 28 25
32 22
20
8

11
10
01

converted into "an isolated farm;" the furnaces of this country were set down, "as the finians of this country," and the question, "were you in the habit of visiting the house!" was written: were you in the habit "of fastening the hose."

CONSHENZE.

The following happened in one of the leading Toronto restaurants: A swallow-tailed waiter of pronounced German extraction, brought a plate of strawberries to a customer. The customer ventured to remark that the berries were stale and old, an impression which the Teutonic gentleman immediately sought to remove. Have you any conscience, the lover of berries replied. Conshenze? conshenze? Hans replied, "I haf been asked for dot before, but it es not on the bill of fare to-day!"

A DELICATE YOUNG LADY.

She could swing a six-pound dumb-bell,
 She could fence and she could box;
 She could row upon the river,
 She could clamber 'mong the rocks;
 She could do some heavy bowling,
 And play tennis all day long;
 But she couldn't help her mother,
 'Cause she wasn't very strong.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

"The teacher, a lesson he taught,
 The preacher a sermon he praught;
 The stealer he stole;
 The healer he hole;
 And the screecher he awfully serraught.

The long winded speaker he spoke ;
 The post office seeker he soke ;
 The runner he ran ;
 The dunner he dan ;
 And the shrieker, he horridly shroke.

The flyer to Canada flew ;
 The buyer, on credit he bew ;
 The doer, he did,
 The suer, he sid ;
 And the liar (a fisherman,) lew.

The writer, this nonsense he wrote ;
 The fighter, an editor fote ;
 The swimmer, he swam ;
 The skimmer, he skam ;
 And the biter, was hungry and bote."



CHAPTER VI.

The oddities and curiosities of our race crowd upon us, and meet us in every turn of life ; and in all the bye-paths where mortals tread. One would suppose that so serious a subject as death, and the grave would awaken reverence of thought and seriousness of expression; and that sober, sensible words only, would find their way into our cemeteries, but such is not the case. The epitaphs written, many of them, are not only not serious, they are not even decorous, they are the most grotesque, nonsensical, and absurd, that one can imagine. Many of them are comic, sarcastic and side splitting, violating all the rules of language. The inscriptions upon the older stones are rapidly becoming illegible, and will soon have disappeared forever. The reader must not be surprised to find limping verse, and odd expression, for in many cases everything was sacrificed in order to make something like rhyme. To arrange and classify them would destroy my design in giving them to the reader. I insert them as they come to hand. Most of them are odd enough.

In a town in Connecticut there lies buried a man who had a large wen on the top of his head. He is thus commemorated :

“ Our father lies beneath the sod
His spirit's gone unto his God;
We never more shall hear his tread,
Nor see the wen upon his head.”

The following is said to be on a gravestone near London, England :

Poor Martha Shiell has gone away,
Her would if she could, but her couldn't stay;
Her had 2 bad legs and a baddish cough,
It was her two bad legs that carried her off.

On a tombstone in Worcester, England, is this singular inscription:

"Mammy and I together lived
Just two years and a half ;
She went first—I followed next,
The cow before the calf."

This comes from Ohio :—

"Under this sod,
And under these trees
Lieth the bod-
y of Solomon Pease,
He's not in this hole,
But only his pod ;
He shelled out his soul,
And went up to his God."

These lines, on a tombstone at Childwall, England, are well known.

"Here lies me and my three daughters
Brought here by using seidlitz waters;
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,
We wouldn't have been in these here vaults."

Here is how they do this sort of thing in Germany:

By the thrust of an ox's horn
Came I into heaven's bourn;
All so quickly did I die,
Wife and children leave must I;
But in eternity rest I now,
All through thee, thou wild beast, thou!

A good many men discover that they have been henpecked after their wives are dead, and boldly state the fact—or their epitaph makers do it for them—possibly for the discouragement of living shrews. I have found a number directed against women :

“ Here lies the man Richard,
And Mary his wife ;
Their surname was Pritchard,
They lived without strife:
And the reason was plain—
They abounded in riches,
They had no care nor pain,
And the wife wore the breeches.”

AN ODD SPECIMEN.

“ Here lies wife second of old Wing Rogers,
She's safe from care and I from bothers !
If death had known thee as well as I,
He ne'er had stopped, but passed thee by.
I wish him joy, but much I fear,
He'll rue the day he came thee near.”

A relieved and joyful husband caused this inscription to be placed on the headstone of his wife—in Kilmury churchyard:

This stone was raised by Sarah's lord,
Not Sarah's virtues to record,—
For they're well known to all the town,
But, it was raised to keep her down.

A sea captain of Sag-Harbor, Long Island, painted a moral upon the tombstone of his third wife :

“ Behold ye living mortals passing by,
How thick the partners of one husband lie,
Vast and unsearchable the ways of God :
Just, but severe his chastening rod.”

A CLOCK-MAKERS EPITAPH.

Here lies a man who all his mortal life,
 Past mending clocks, but couldna mend his wife;
 The larum of his bell was ne'er so shrill,
 As was her tongue, aye clacking like a mill.
 But now he's gone—oh, whither nane could tell—
 I hope beyond the soun o' Mary's bell.

One Robert Kemp placed these lines on the tomb-
 stone of his deceased wife.

She once was mine,
 But now, O Lord,
 I her to thee resign.
 I remain your obedient, humble servant.
 ROBERT KEMP.

In memory of a man and his wife.

"He first departed—she a little tried
 To live without him—liked it not, and died."

A famous epitaph in Pewsey church, England:

Here lies the body
 of
 Lady O'Looney.
 Great niece of Burke, commonly called sublime.
 She was
 Bland, passionate and deeply religious.
 Also she painted in water colors,
 and sent several pictures
 To the exhibition. She was first cousin
 to Lady Jones.
 And of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Horne was unfortunate with his wives, with the
 exception of the one noted.

To the memory of my *four* wives, who all died in
 the space of ten years, but more *pertickler* to the last,
 Sally Horne, who left me and four dear children ; she

was a good, sober, and clean soul. May I soon go to her. A. D. 1732.

"Dear wives, if you and I shall go to heaven,
The Lord be blest, for then, we shall be even."

W. J. HORNE.

The piety of the next is doubtful :

"He lived and died a true Christian,
He loved his friends and hated his enemies."

The egotism of the next is alarming. This stone may still be seen at Saragossa, Spain.

"Here lies John Quebecca, precentor to my Lord the King, when he is admitted to the choir of angels, whose society he will embellish; and where he will distinguish himself by his powers of song. God shall say to the angels; cease ye calves! and let me hear John Quebecca, precentor to my Lord, the King."

One would hardly expect advertisements on tombstones, but they are occasionally to be met with. Here is an example from a cemetery.

Here lies Fournier (Pierre Victor),

Inventor of everlasting lamps,

Which burn only one centime's worth of oil an hour.

He was a good father, son and husband.

His inconsolable widow

Continues his business at No. 10 *Rue aux trois*;

Goods sent to all parts of the city.

N. B.—Don't mistake the opposite shop for this.

S. V. P.

R. I. P.

A COMMON ERROR.

Here lies an old woman who always was tired ;
For she lived in a house where no help was hired ;
Her last words on earth were: Dear friends, I am going
Where no washing's done, no churning, no sewing;
Where all things will be just exact to my wishes:

For where they don't dine there's no washing of dishes,
I'll be where loud anthems forever are ringing,
But having no voice, I'll be rid of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now, and don't mourn for me never,
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever!!!

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

"Beneath this stone in hopes of Sion,
There lies the landlord of the lion.
Resigned unto the Heavenly will
His son keeps on the business still "
Maine, U. S.

AN EYE TO MATRIMONY.

"Sacred to the memory of James H. R——m who died
August 16th, 1890. His widow mourns as one who can be
comforted, aged 24, and possessing every qualification for a
good wife. Lives at —— street."

IN CONNECTICUT.

"Here lies two twins, all side by side,
Of the smallpox both of them died."

IN A CHURCHYARD IN PENNSYLVANIA.

"Eliza, sorrowing, rears this marble slab,
To her dear John, who died of eating crabb."

IN CAPE MAY.

Mary Jane,
Aged 11 yrs, 8 mo.
"She was not smart, she was not fair,
But hearts with grief for her are swellin',
And empty stands her little chair,—
She died of eatin' watermelon."

The late business and present whereabouts of a
deceased sea-captain are summed up tersely on a Block
Island headstone.

"He's done a catching cod
And gone to meet his God."

IN PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

"When you my friends are passing by,
And this informs you where I lie,
Remember you ere long must have
Like me, a mansion in the grave."

NICHOLAS NEWTON.

"Here lies, alas, more's the pity
All that remains of Nicholas Newcity."

Poets often claim special license. This is extra,
also the next one.

THOMAS WOODHEN.

Here lies the remains of Thomas Woodhen,
The most amiable of husbands, and excellent of men.

His name is Woodcock, but it would not come in
rhyme. *His Widow.*

Some most interesting epitaphs are in prose, here
is one.

BATTLE OF SHILOH.

"John D. L. — was born March 26th, 1829, in West
Dresden, New York, where the wicked cease from troubling,
and the weary are at rest."

SARATOGA.

Emma, daughter of — and wife of Theodore — died
1868, leaving five children. — Married too young, against her
father's will. Single women take warning.

EAST TENNESSEE.

She lived a life of virtue and died of cholera morbus,
caused by eating green fruit, in the hope of a blessed immor-
tality at the age of 21 years. Reader, go and do thou likewise.

IN CALIFORNIA.

They commemorate differently in California, as witness the following in San Diego.

"This yere is sacred to the memory of Wm. H. Skarkaen who came to his death by bein shot by Colt's revolver, one of the old kind, brass mounted, and of such is the kindom of heaven."

It was a gardener, I imagine, who deplored his child in this fashion.

"Our little Jacob
has been taken away from this earthly garden
to bloom
In a superior flower pot
above.

Only a German could have written this:

My wife Susan is dead. If she had life until next Friday she'd been dead shust two weeks. As a tree falls so it must stand. All things is possible mit God.

Very common, often found.

"Afflictions sore I long have bore,
Physicians were in vain.
Till God did please to give ease
And take away my pain."

The two following are odd enough.

"I was well;
Wanted to be better;
Took physic,
And here I am."

In Whitby old churchyard this was found.

"The pain was not confined to one part,
But through his body spread;
He suffered greatly at his heart
And water in his head."

Robert Reeve, Ripple, Worcestershire, was seven feet in length.

As yrs pass by behold my length.
But never glory in your strength.

A GIRL OF FIFTEEN YEARS.

In Malvern churchyard a girl of 15 years is made to say:

"I am a rose cropt in my bud;
God cut me down as he saw fit,
And placed me in a bed of clay
Until the resurrection day."

A FARMERS EPIITAPH.

"With sweat and toil I long have tilled the ground.
But in it now a resting place have found,
Through our Redeemer, Jesus Christ I trust,
That I, like purest wheat, shall spring from dust.
And share the joyful harvest with the just."

MARY STANHOPE.

"She was—but words are wanting to say what,
Think what a wife should be—and she was that."

IN FULFORD NEAR YORK, ENGLAND.

"Farewell, vain world, I have had enough of thee,
And now I care not what thou thinkest of me;
Thy smile, I court not, nor, thy frowns I fear,
Beneath this stone my head lies quiet here."

In Luton cemetery upon Rebecca North's stone.

"Wouldst thou know her character?
Follow her footsteps to heaven,
And the angels will tell thee."

JOHN SMITH.

In memory of John Smith
who met a wierlent death,
near this spot

18 hundred and 40 too.

He was shot by his own pistell; it was not one of the new
kind; but an old-fashioned brass barrell and of such is
the Kingdom of Heaven.

The efforts to compress within a small space, and
thus save expense, leads often to curious results, as
witness the following, from a churchyard in Glaston-
burg, Conn.

"Here lies one who's
Life's threads cut asunder
She was struck dead
By a clap of thunder."

ANOTHER.

"Here lies the body of Jane Gray
The manner of her death is thus
She was druv over by a buss."

The confusion of sentences sometimes leads to
curious mistakes as the following from a sleeping place
near Cincinnati, O.

"Here lies ——
Who came to this city and died,
For the benefit of his health."

In Kilmarnock, Ayrshire.

"He died uncomplaining, in
No pain without medical aid."

Here follows a specimen of the blundering class.

"Here lies the bodies of two sisters dear;
One's buried in Ireland; the other lies here."

It is a gallant Frenchman who thus apostrophizes the defunct partner of his joys and cares.

“Ciget, ma femme, oh qu'elle est bien !
Tour son repos, et pour le mien.”

Which; has its counterpart in an English church-yard.

“Here lies my poor wife Jane—here let her lie !
She finds rest at last, and so do I.”

The unmarried fair have received gentler treatment, though a talkative spinster is awarded these lines;

“Under this stone the body lies of Arabella Young,
Who on the twenty-fourth of May began to hold her tongue.”

There is a sporting flavor about the following reference to Stephen Rumblood, quite unique.

“He lived to 105, hearty and strong,
100 to 5 you don't live as long.”

A request for burial in a certain spot is not uncommon, though seldom expressed with the naivete of the following :

“Under this yew tree, buried he would be,
Because his father he, planted this yew tree.”

The memory of departed matrons is worth preserving.

“Some have children, some have none ;
Here lies the mother of twenty one.”

The following warning and advisory lines are on the tombstone of a quack doctor, who was alive to business even if he was dead :

“I was a quack, and there are men who say
That in my time I physick'd lives away ;
And that at length I by myself was slain
By my own drugs ta'en to relieve my pain.

The truth is, being troubled with a cough,
I like a fool consulted Dr. Gough;
Who physick'd me to death, at his own will.
Because he's licensed by the State to kill:
Had I but wisely taken my own physic
I never should have died of cold and 'tisick.
So all be warn'd and when you catch a cold
Go to my son, by whom my medicine's sold."

Sepulchral references to the former pursuits of the departed have been very common. Lawyers whose ways are dark have called for censure, and doctors whose professional ministrations have filled the half of our churchyards, have formed the principal subjects. Exception is made in favor of a legal ornament to one Mr. Strange, but at the expense of his brother practitioners:

"Here lies an honest lawyer—Strange!"

The proposed epitaph to the eminent cook, Mexis Soyer:

"Peace to his hashes,"

is well known, less known but more admirable is that upon a deceased dyer:

"Here lies a man who dyed of wool a great store,
One day he died himself, and dyed no more."

When with characteristic cynicism Byron derided the credulity of him who would "believe a woman, or an epitaph," he may have had in mind Ben Jonson's famous lines on the Countess of Pembroke:

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister—Pembroke's mother!
Death ere thou hast slain another!
Fair and learned, and good as she
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

Could the memory of Shakspeare demand loftier strains? Compare the above with the quaintness and simplicity of these lines :

"Blest be the man who spares these stones,
And curs't be he who moves my bones "

Strict adherence to mere matter-of-fact has scarcely been considered the special attribute of an epitaph. The three following are well authenticated examples of unvarnished detail :

"Sarah Yorke did this life resign,
Sixteen hundred and seventy-nine." Norwich.

Another :

"Here lies the body of William Mix,
One thousand seven hundred and sixty-six."

"Here lies the body of honest Tom Page,
Who died in the thirty-third year of his age."

In the same connection may be instanced the inscription on the tomb of the inn-keeper buried opposite his house:

"Here lies Tommy Day,
Removed from over the way."

Latin was long considered the only appropriate language for an epitaph. It is well-known that Dr. Johnson refused "to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey," with an English inscription to the memory of Oliver Goldsmith. This is the more to be deplored since the doctor could and did write English epitaphs of merit—witness that upon Phillips the musician :

"Sleep undisturbed within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine."

Lord Ashburnham was accustomed to quote the following epitaph as a perfect exemplification of poetry, piety and politeness :

"Ye who stand around my grave,
And say his life is gone,
You are mistaken—pardon me—
My life is but begun."

Brevity, the soul of wit, has been little considered in this class of composition. Ben Jonson's productions are exceptions. I remember three years ago copying three very brief ones. One on the tombstone of Knight the publisher, it reads :

"Good Knight,"

Another equally brief is to the memory of Dr. Fuller, it reads :

"Fuller's earth."

Dr. Walker wrote a book on English particles. His epitaph reads :

"Here lies Walker's particles."

Upon the tombstone of Burbage, the actor, there is an epitaph of great brevity, a simple stage direction :

"Exit Burbage."

Dr. Donne wrote a beautiful inscription as an epitaph for a deceased infant :

"Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care ;
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there."

The touching subject of an infant's mortality finds fitting expression in the two lines following :

"Just with her lips the cup of life she pressed,
Found the taste bitter—and declined the rest."

Winchester Cathedral, 1551:

"Beneath this stone lies shut up in the dark,
A fellow and a priest of the name of John Clark;
With earthly rosewater did he once delight ye,
But now he deals in heavenly aqua vitae."

On John Potter, from a MSS. in the British
Museum:

Alack, and well-a-day!
Potter himself has turned to clay."

On a china-dealer's tomb:

"Beneath this stone lies Catharine Grey,
Chained to a tomb of lifeless clay;
By earth and clay she got her pelf,
And now she's turned to clay herself,
But what avails a flood of tears?
Who knows but in a course of years,
In some tall pitcher or brown pan,
She in her shop may be a'gin?"

On a carrier:

"John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A carrier who carried his can to his mouth well;
He carried so much and he carried so fast
He could carry no more, and was carried at last,
For liquor he drank, being too much for one,
He could not carry off, and is now carri-on."

On children:

"In childhood's morning land, serene,
She walked between us two like love,
And in a robe of light, unseen,
Her better angel walked above,
But life's highway broke dim and wild;
Then, lest those starry garments trail,
Heart break, hope die, or courage fail,
The angel's arms caught up the child."

The Rev. John T. Vine saw the following epitaph in an old English church-yard, over the body of Abraham Peck:

" Here lies a Peck, which some men say
Was first of all a Peck of clay,
Till wrought by nature while afresh,
Became a curious Peck of flesh.
Full fifty years Peck felt life's bubbles,
Till death relieved a Peck of troubles;
And so he died, as all men must,
And here he lies, a Peck of dust."

The statesman himself is said to have discovered it and rendered it into Latin hexameter. A good example of this kind of ante-mortem literature is the epitaph written during the lifetime of Benjamin D'Israeli—need it be said by a liberal pen:

" There lies Lord Beaconsfield;
(It was a way he had)."

Presence of mind has always been held in just estimation, although it has been shrewdly remarked that in moments of peril absence of body is even more desirable. It is certainly absence of body which forms the chief characteristic of the three following:

" Here lies the remains of Thomas Nicols,
Who died in Philadelphia, 1753. Had he
Lived he would have been buried here."

" Here lies the body of Jonathan Ground,
Who was lost at sea and never found "

" Here lies the body of John Eldred—
At least he will be here when he's dead;
But at this time he is alive,
Fourteenth of August, Sixty-five."

There was no intentional disrespect to the memory
of

" John Ross,
Kicked by a hoss."

And it may have been in deep dejection that the
friends of the unfortunate youth killed during a pyro-
technic display wrote upon his tombstone:

" Here I lie,
Killed by a sky-
Rocket in my eye."

There was not any premeditated levity in the lines
to the memory of

" John Macpherson—that wonderful person;
Six-foot-two—without his shoe,
And slew—at Waterloo."

The humor of the following is owing to the peculiar
punctuation:

" Erected to the memory of John Phillips. Accidentally
shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

It is difficult to say whether in jest or monition
the following was inscribed to the memory of an Earl
of Kildare:

" Who killed Kildare? Who dared Kildare to kill?
Death killed Kildare, who dare kill whom he will."

In Gloucester, England:

" Two sweeter babes you nare did see,
Than God Amity gave to me;
But they were taken with ague fits,
And here they lie, as dead as nits."

Poverty inconvenient:

" Here I lie at the chancel door,
Here I lie because I'm poor;
The further in the more you pay,
But I lie just as warm as they."

Humphrey Cole, 1622:

"Here lies the body of, Humphrey Cole;
Though black his name, yet white his soul;
But yet though black, though carbon is his name,
The chalk itself is less white than his fame."

Bob Trollope, an architect:

"Here lies Bob Trollope,
Who made the stones roll up,
When death took his soul up :
His body filled this hole up."

On one beautiful stone the sorrowing husband intended, I presume, to have the prayer for the dead, (which reads: "Let her rest in peace,") engraven on the stone; but the stupid artist, not having room for the whole sentence, satisfied himself by putting on the stone the first letters of the last three words, and now it reads:

"Let her r. i. p."

A beer drinker:

"Here old John Randall lies,
Who, counting from his tale,
Lived three score years and ten,
Such virtue was in ale.
Ale was his meat,
Ale was his drink,
Ale did his heart revive,
And if he could have drank his ale,
He still had been alive,
January 5.

"Here lies John Highly, whose father and mother were drowned coming to America. Had they lived they would have been buried here."

In a Wiltshire churchyard is the following inscription:

" Here lies brothers three :
Two are buried here,
The other was thrown in the sea.

A baby :

" Ope'd its eyes,
Took a peep:
Didn't like it,
Went asleep."

In St. Clement's churchyard, Hastings, 1672, is a little good gospel:

" Stop, mortal, stop, and read my tale so plain :
You will be lost, you will be lost, unless you're born again."

In Islington is to be found:

" Pray for the soul of Gabriel John,
Who died in the year 1601 ;
Or, if you don't, it is all one."

In Berkshire is the following good advice:

" When this you see, pray judge not me,
For sin enough I own ;
Mind your own lives and judge yourselves,
But leave other folks alone."

In Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, many will have seen Gay's epitaph:

" Life is a jest, and all things show it ;
I thought so once, but now I know it."

The concluding part of an epitaph of a Kentish lady is:

" She was
In heart a Lydia, and in tongue a Hannah,
In zeal a Ruth, in wedlock a Susannah ;
Prudently simple, providentially wary,
To the world a Martha and to heaven a Mary."

Finally the old soldier's confession, in Chichester churchyard, we could many of us endorse:

"Here lies an old soldier, whom all must applaud,
Since he suffered much hardship at home and abroad;
But the hardest engagement he ever was in,
Was the battle of self in the conquest of sin."

—John Prosser

Is my name, and England is my nation;
Now I am dead and in my grave, and all my bones are rotten;
As you pass by remember me, when I am quite forgotten."

—[Written by himself.

Judge George Hardinge, three hours before his death, addressed this rhymed letter to his creditors, and it was engraven upon his tomb:

"Dear Messrs, Tippens: What is feared by you,
Alas! the melancholy circumstance, is true
That I am dead; and more affecting still,
My legal assets cannot pay your bill.
To think of this, I'm almost broken-hearted;
Insolvent, I this earthly life departed.
Dear Messrs. T., I'm yours, without a farthing
For executors and self. GEO. HARDINGE."

A child:

"Into this world, as stranger to an inn,
This child came guestwise, where, when it had been
Awhile, and found nought of his stay,
He only broke his fast and went away."

A little girl:

"The cup of life she with her lips but pressed,
Found the taste bitter, and declined the rest.
Averse, then turning from the face of day,
She gently sighed her little soul away."

From Islington, 1808:

"She had no fault, but that the travellers give the moon,—
Her light was lovely, but she died too soon."

Attributed to Dryden:

"Here lies my wife; here let her lie,
She's at rest now, and so am I."

From the Ashmolean collection:

"Who lies in this tomb?
Hough! quoth the devil, 'tis my son, John Comb."

Mrs. Rose's tomb:

"Sixty-eight years a fragrant rose she lasted,
Nor vile reproach her virtues ever blasted;
Her autumn past, expects a better spring,
A second better life, more flourishing."

On Mrs. Greenwood:

"O death! O death! thou hast cut down
The best Greenwood in all this town,
Her virtues and good qualities were such,
She was worthy to marry a lord or a judge;
Yet such her condescension and humility,
She chose to marry a doctor of divinity."

On Dr. Hill:

"And now this Hill, tho' under stones,
Has the Lord's hill to lie on;
For Lincoln Hill has got his bones,
His soul the Hill of Zion."

Among the monuments in South Hayling is that
of Sarah Rogers:

"Ye virgins fair, your fleeting charms survey;
She once was all your tender hearts can say,
Let opening rose and drooping lillies tell,
Like them she bloomed, and ah! like them she died."

In Devonshire there is a verse, but no name:

"The wedding day appointed was,
And wedding clothes provided;
But ere the day did come, alas!
He sickened and he die did."

In London :

" Here lies the body of William Wray,
 Wrapped up in clay.
 I have no more to say."

Another:

" Here lies Jane Kitchen,
 Who, when her glass was spent,
 Kicked up her heels and away she went."

An organist, St. Mary's College:

" Here lies one blown out of breath,
 Who lived a merry life and died a merry death."

Roger Martin:

" Here lies the wife of Roger Martin;
 She was a good wife to Roger—that's sartin."

Tiverton, England:

" Oh ho ! Who lies here ?
 'Tis I, the good Earl of Devonshire,
 With Kate, my wife, to me full dear ;
 We lived together fifty-five year."

In Oxfordshire:

Here lies father and mother and sister and I,
 We all died within the space of one short year ;
 They be all buried except I,
 And I be buried here."

Sarah Sexton:

" Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
 Who was a good wife and never vexed one ;
 I can't say that of the next one."

The Four Wives.—Mr. Adeler Church married four times ; his wives were all buried in the same churchyard. He undertook to move them. He was unable to tell which was Emily and which was Hannah,

but being particular, he could not use the old tomb-stones ; so he had a new one prepared and engraved thus :

“ Stranger, pause and drop a tear,
For Emily Church lies buried here,
Mingled in some mysterious manner
With Mary, Matilda, and probably Hannah.”

A sexton's tomb :

“ Beneath these stones repose the bones
Of Theodosias Grimm ;
He took his beer from year to year,
And then his bier took him.”



CHAPTER VII.

ODDS AND ENDS.

In this chapter there is a curious collection of odd things which I could not easily classify and arrange, and yet, they are exceedingly humorous and interesting to all lovers of the witty and the ludicrous.

JACOB KISSED RACHEL,

And lifted up his voice and wept. Why weep?
Answers by the English press:

Daily Telegraph.—If Rachel was a pretty girl and kept her face clean, we can't see what he had to cry about.

Ladies' Treasury.—How do you know but that she slapped his face for him.

Hardwick's Science.—Weeping is not unfrequently produced by extreme pleasure, joy and happiness; it might have been so in Jacob's case.

Nonconformist.—The cause of Jacob's weeping was the refusal to allow her to kiss him again.

City Press.—It is our opinion that Jacob wept because he had not kissed her before, and he was sorry for the time he had lost.

Pall Mall Gazette.—The fellow wept because the girl did not kiss him.

Methodist Recorder.—Jacob wept because Rachel told him "to do it once more," and he was afraid to.

Sunday Gazette.—Jacob cried because Rachel threatened to tell her mamma.

Clerkenwell News.—He wept because there was only one Rachel to kiss.

Jewish Chronicle.—He wept for joy, because it tasted so good.

British Standard.—We reckon Jacob cried because Rachel had been eating onions.

New Zealand Examiner.—Our opinion is that Jacob wept because he found after all it was not half what it was cracked up to be.

The Ladies' Chronicle.—A mistake ; not his eyes but his mouth watered.

Fine Art Gazette.—He thought it was fast color, but wept to find the paint came off.

Church Journal.—He remembered he was her uncle, and recollected what the prayer book says on consanguinity.

Sporting Chronicle.—He thought she might have a big brother.

Express.—Because there was no time for another.

Musical Notes.—When he lifted up his voice he found it was heavy, and could not get it so high as he expected.

Baptist Guide.—He tried to impose on her feelings because he wanted her to lend him five shillings.

Methodist News.—He knew there was a time to weep ; it had come, and he dared not put it off.

A Tence to All.—Beneath the starry vault or golden sun is there aught in nature or in art equal to the rapture and intense deliciousness of the first kiss? I answer, verily no. Jacob had never kissed fair

maiden before, and his first realization of crowning life's deliciousness in these moments overcame him, and he wept for joy.

POETRY OF KISSING.

Having heard from the press on kissing, we will now have a few couplets from the poets most varied in their conceits on all sorts of kisses expressive of all sorts of sentiments—from Shakespeare to anonymous.

Philadelphia News.—There are all sorts of kisses, expressive of all sorts of sentiments. There is the kiss of the hair, denoting reverence, and of a kind that seemed to satisfy Swinburne. He says:

“Kissing her hair, I sat at her feet,
Wove and unwove it, wound, and found it sweet.”

There is a kiss on the forehead, denoting esteem, such as Mrs. Browning mentions:

“Only a tear for Venice? She turned as in a passion and loss,
And stooping to his forehead and kissed it, as if she were kissing a cross.”

There is a kiss on the cheek, a token of friendship; the kiss on the nose, peculiar to the Hottentots, shining and oleaginous; the kiss on the toes, tendered to popes and babies; the kiss on the lips, expressive of passion, with an exchange of caresses in the contact. From the lips we get the best samples, and are always willing to take the whole lot! Herrick knew precisely where to locate a kiss. He says:

“It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips, all cherry red.”

So did Sam Lever:

“And he looked into her eyes that were beaming with light,
And he kissed her sweet lips—don't you think he was right?”

Of course he was. An Irishman generally is, especially when he isn't wrong. There is the formal kiss, the timid kiss, the clinging kiss, the dieaway kiss, the explosive kiss, and the stolen kiss. The latter is the most blissful. Leigh Hunt seemed to know how it was himself:

" Stolen sweets are always sweeter,
Stolen kisses much completer."

If just beside the garden gate, bright stars and fluttering leaves overhead, the crickets chirping in the grass, the cow-bells tinkling in the pastures, the air drowsy with new-mown hay, the breath hot and the bosom swelling and heaving, it is especially fascinating. It is a labial pastoral. Such a kiss is worth taking the chances of being fired across the lawn in leather-toed instalments.

We don't mean to say that Jacob kissed Rachel beside the garden gate, but we consider that he was very foolish to crow about it, unless he cried for the same reason that Oliver Twist did—for more.

Kiss and bliss rhyme admirably, and of course the pleasing custom has been well descanted upon by the poets. Cantos would surfeit, so we merely give a few couplets, those most varied in their contents.

Beginning with Shakespeare, we take occasion to say that he had no patience with kisses that were not substantial. He says:

" Some there be that shadows kiss ;
Such have but a shadow's bliss."

He did not like them diluted. Byron, on the other hand, considers them rather evanescent. He says:

"Why so suddenly art gone ?
Lost in the moment thou art won."

We have heard of kisses tingling clear down to the toes of one's boots, possibly an exaggeration, and yet the same poet mentions one in which he

"Felt the while a pleasing kind of smart,
The kissing went tinkling to his heart."

While Dryden gives them a sort of aftermath that is truly delicious:

"The sweetness hung upon my lips all day,
Like drops of honey loath to fall away."

Drayton hated to be tantalized. He wouldn't feed on husks. He wanted the whole heart thrown into the operation:

"Her poor half kisses killed me quite ;
Was ever man thus served ?
Amidst an ocean of delight,
For pleasure to be starved."

Schiller indulges in an ardent outbreak:

"Who made thy glances to my soul the link ?
Which make me burn thy very soul to drink."

Tennyson is satiated little short of a deluge:

"O joy ! O bliss of blisses !
Come bathe me with thy kisses."

According to John Lyle, Campasque held winning hands every time:

"Cupid and my Campasque played
At cards for kisses ; Cupid paid."

Coquettes are not chary enough with their kisses. Parnell gives this couplet:

"Then in a kiss she breathed her various arts,
Of trifling prettily with human hearts."

Thomas Lodge seemed to have a penchant for incessant kissing:

"My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest."

Sir William Davenant believed that their charm consisted in their numbers and their rapidity, Gatling-gun style:

"Her kisses faster; though unknown before,
Than blossoms sweeter, and in numbers more."

George Withers betrayed the same weakness:

"Like doves we would be billing,
And clip and kiss so fast;
Yet she would be unwilling
That I should kiss the last."

Campbell understood how precious they were during courtship:

"How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at love's beginning."

So did Buckman:

"And happy things were said and kisses won,
And serious gladness round it went in fun."

Ebenezer Elliot dreaded lest each kiss might be the last:

"I ever tremble in my bliss,
For there are farewells in a kiss."

Dodsley was willing to take his, whatever the risk:

"One kiss before we part,
Though we sever, fond my heart."

Charlotte F. Bates parts with hers begrudgingly:

"All the kisses I have given I grudge
From my soul to-day;
And of all I have ever taken I would
Wipe the thought away."

While Thomas Canen had the impudence to say
that he didn't care for his sweetheart's kisses:

"I do not love thee for those soft
Red coral lips I've kissed so oft."

Kisses are nice just after a quarrel; one forgives
so largely. At least so Hugh Conway thought:

"And if her eyes are dim with tears,
I grudge them not their tender rain;
My love can charm the misty fears,
And kiss the sunshine back again."

Ashley Sterry saucily tells us how he would pre-
vent a quarrel in advance:

"And if she dared her lips to pout,
Like many pert young misses,
I'd wind my arm her waist about,
And punish her with kisses."

Author unknown:

"My love and I for kisses played;
She would keep stakes, I was content;
But when she won she would be paid;
This made me ask her what she meant.
Quoth she, 'Since you are in this wrangling vein,
Here, take your kisses—give me mine again.'"

A little boy was asked by a lady, the other day,
for a kiss. He immediately complied; but the lady,
noticing that the little fellow drew his hand across his
lips, remarked: "Ah, but you are rubbing it off."
"No, I ain't," was the quick reply; "I'm rubbing
it in."

Prof. Blackie once chalked on his notice-board in
College: "The professor is unable to meet his classes
to-morrow." A waggish student removed the "e,"

leaving "lasses." When the professor returned he noticed the new rendering. Equal to the occasion, the professor quietly rubbed out the "l," and joined in the hearty laugh with the "asses."

A gentleman, whose custom was to entertain very often a circle of friends, observing that one of them was in the habit of eating something before grace was asked, determined to cure him. Upon a repetition of the offence, he said: "For what we are about to receive, and for what James Taylor has already received, the Lord make us truly thankful."

THE MORAL TOILET FOR A YOUNG LADY.

The Mirror.

Self Knowledge.

This curious glass will bring your faults to light,
And make your virtues shine both strong and bright.

To Smooth Wrinkles.

Contentment.

A daily portion of this essence use ;
'Twill smooth the brow and tranquil joy infuse.

Lip Salve.

Truth.

Use daily for your lips this precious dye ;
They'll redden and breathe the sweeter melody.

Eye Water.

Compassion.

These drops will add great lustre to the eye ;
When more you need, the poor will you supply.

To Prevent Eruptions.

Wisdom.

It calms the temper, beautifies the face,
And gives to all a dignity and grace.

Ear-rings.

Attention and Obedience.

With these clear drops appended to the ear,
Instructive lessons you will gladly hear.

Bracelets. Neatness and Industry.

Clasp them on each day you live ;
To good designs they efficacy give.

An Elastic Guide. Patience.

The more in use the brighter it will grow,
Though least in merit is eternal show.

Ring of Tried Gold. Principle.

Yield not this golden circle while you live ;
'Twill vice restrain and peace of conscience give.

Pearl Necklace. Resignation.

This ornament embellishes the fair,
And teaches all the ills of life to bear.

Diamond Breast Pin. Love to All.

Adorn your bosom with this precious pin ;
It shines without and warms the heart within.

A True Timepiece. Regularity.

By this the youthful fair may learn to prize,
And will improve each moment as it flies.

Select Boquet. Company.

Behold the gay assemblage ! but beware,
For all are not as innocent as fair.

A Graceful Bandeau. Politeness.

The forehead neatly circled with this band
Will admiration and respect command.

A Precious Diadem. Piety.

Whoe'er this precious diadem shall own,
Secures herself an everlasting crown.

Universal Beautifier. Good Temper.

With this choice liquid gently touch the mouth ;
It spreads o'er all the face the charms of youth.

LINES ON GENESIS II., 21-22—BY CHARLES WESLEY.

Not from his head was woman took,
 As made her husband to o'erlook :
 Not from his feet, as one designed
 The footstool of the stronger kind ;
 But fashioned for himself, a bride,
 An equal taken from his side :
 Her place intended to maintain,
 The mate and glory of the man ;
 To rest, as still beneath his arm,
 Protected by her lord from harm,
 And never from his heart removed,
 And only less than God beloved

A Scotch nobleman, seeing an old gardener of his establishment with a very ragged coat, made some passing remark on its condition. "It's a very guid coat," said the honest old man. "I cannot agree with you there," said his Lordship. "Ay, its a verra guid coat," persisted the old man ; "it covers a contented spirit, and a body that owes no man anything, and that's mair than mony a man can say of his coat.

EARLY RISING.

"He who will thrive must rise at five."

So says the proverb, though there is more rhyme than reason in it : for if

He who would thrive must rise at five,
 It must follow, *a fortiori*,

He who'd thrive more must rise at four ;
 And it will insure, *a fortissimo*, that

He who'd still more thriving be,
 Must leave his bed at turn of three ;
 And who this latter would outdo,
 Will rouse him at the stroke of two ;

And, by way of climax to the whole, it should stand good that

He who'd never be outdone,
Must ever rise as soon as one.

But the best illustration would be thus:

He who'd flourish best of all,
Should never go to bed at all.

A promising youth of nine summers, in Western Massachusetts, at a school recently relieved his overburdened mind as follows:

"Lord of love, look down from above,
Upon us little scholars;
We have a fool to teach our school
And pay her twenty dollars."

MR. VOLTAIRE, having paid some high compliments to the celebrated Haller, was told that Haller was not in the habit of speaking so favorably of him. "Ah!" said Voltaire, with an air of philosophic indulgence, "I dare say we are both of us very much mistaken."

THE CROWING HENS.

In Roosterland once—this was cycles ago—
There arose certain hens who determined to crow.
"These roosters too long," they repeated with scorn,
"Have held a monopoly over the dawn.
The ages have progressed, and we hens, too, have rights;
We can herald the day quite as well as the knights,
We'll petition the Sun just to give us a show,
And he'll see who the loudest and promptest can crow!"
The sun their petition accepted and said:
"If you think you can wake me on time, go ahead."
The hens were all charmed; but the very next day
The egg business called their attention away.

And the Sun, when he arose quite belated and slow,
Cried: While hens have to cackle they never can crow.

MORAL.

Let the ladies who seek for the ballot reflect !
The electors more potent than those who elect.
They don't vote ; but just think of the " representation "
Of the " sex " who contribute the whole population.

A Toronto church was visited lately by a stranger
on Sabbath morning while the choir sang that good
old piece:

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me."

This is what the choir sang, but the stranger did not
not know it ; to him it sounded more like:

" Rue slam, map pome,
Name vahde turm me."

An Irishman who had on a very ragged coat was
asked what stuff it was made of. " Bedad, I don't
know," said he, "but I think the most of it is made
of fresh air."

Mistress to servant—" Did you tell those ladies
at the door that I was not at home?" " Yis, mum."
Mistress—" What did they say?" Servant—" How
fortunate."

JACK AND HIS HARD LUMP.

" Hallo, Jack ! ha'lo ! Won't you have a drink
this cold morning," cried a bloated-looking tavern-
keeper to a jolly tar, who was smartly stepping along
the street.

Jack had formerly been a hard drinker, and had
spent many a dollar in the tavern he was now passing,

but about a year ago he had signed the temperance pledge.

"No, landlord, no, I can't drink; I've got a hard lump at my side." As the witty sailor said these words he pressed his hand against his side, adding, "O this hard lump!"

"It is all through leaving off drink," replied the tavern-keeper. "Some good drink will take away your lump. If you are fool enough to keep from taking a little good liquor your lump will get bigger, and very likely you'll be having a hard lump at your other side."

"True! true! old boy," with a hearty laugh, responded the merry tar, as he briskly drew out a well-filled pocket-book from his pocket, and held it up to the tavern-keeper's gaze. "This is my hard lump. You are right in saying that if I drink my lump will go away, and if I stick to temperance I shall have a bigger lump. Good-by to you, landlord. By God's help, I'll try and keep out of your net, and try and get a lump at both sides."

A judge charging a jury had occasion to make use of the words mortgagor and mortgagee. The foreman of the jury asked the learned judge to explain the meaning of those words, candidly confessing he did not know their import. His lordship facetiously explained them thus:

"I nod to you, you notice me;
I'm the nod-or, you are the nod-ee."

Leezie—"Dear me, Betty, an' is't true what I hear, that ye're to be married next week?" Betty—"Tweel I wat, woman, an' there's nae lee aboot it."

Ye see, Leezie, a man's an unco handy thing to hae about a hoose."

A coquette is said to be a perfect incarnation of Cupid, as she keeps her beau in a quiver.

AN ODD LAW.

According to the New York *Tribune*, an unrepealed law of New Jersey, passed while the State was a British colony, reads as follows: "That all women, of whatever degree, age, rank or profession, whether virgins, maids or widows, who shall after this act impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of his Majesty's subjects by virtue of scents, cosmetics, washes, paints, artificial teeth, false hair or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors."

"You may speak," said a fond mother, "about people having strength of mind, but when it comes to the strength of *don't mind*, my son William surpasses anybody I know."

A RIDDLE—BY LORD BYRON.

I am not in youth, nor in manhood nor age,
But in infancy ever am known ;
I am a stranger alike to the fool and the sage,
And though I'm distinguished in history's page,
I am always greatest alone.

I am not in the earth, nor the sun, nor the moon ;
You may search all the sky—I'm not there ;
In the morning and evening, though not in the noon,
You may plainly perceive me, for, like a balloon,
I am midway suspended in air.

I am always in riches, and yet I am told,
 Wealth ne'er did my presence desire :
 I dwell with the miser, though not with his gold,
 And sometimes I stand in his chimney so cold,
 Though I serve as a part of his fire.

I am not in political life,
 In my absence no kingdom can be :
 And they say there can neither be friendship nor strife
 No one can live single, no one take a wife,
 Without interfering with me.

My brethren are many, and of the whole race
 Not one is more slender and tall :
 And though not the eldest, I hold the first place,
 And even in dishonor, despair and disgrace,
 I boldly appear in them all.

Though disease may possess me, and sickness and pain,
 I am never in sorrow and gloom :
 Though in wit and in wisdom I equally reign,
 I'm the heart of all sin, and have lived long in vain,
 I ne'er shall be found in the tomb !

ANSWER.

I've read Lord Byron's famous riddle o'er,
 Which doth display much wit and shining lore :
 And as I read, the answer did imply
 To be no other than the letter L.

The well-known Henry Erskine once met an acquaintance, a barrister, who dealt in hard words and circumlocutory sentences. Perceiving that his ankles were tied up with a silk handkerchief. Erskine asked the cause. "Why, my dear sir," answered the wordy lawyer, "I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's grounds, when, coming to a gate, I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar, and have grazed the epidermis of the skin,

the accident being attended with a slight extravasation of blood." "You may thank your lucky stars," replied Erskine, that your brother's gate was not so lofty as your style, or you must have broken your neck."

A Dutchman's Temperance Lecture.—I shall tell how it was: I drank my lager; den I put mine hand on mine head, dere was one pain; den I put mine hand on mine body, and dere was anuder pain; den I puts my hand in mine pocket, and there was notding. So I jine mid de demperance beeples. Now dere is no pain in mine head, and de pain in mine body vas all gone away. I put my hand on mine pocket, and dere was twenty dollar. So I stay mit de demperance beeples.

Milton, when sympathized with on being blind from the point of view that he could not see his wife, replied "That he would that he were deaf as well."

"Before we married," said he, "she used to say 'by-bye' so sweetly as I went down the steps." "And what does she say now?" asked a friend. "O, just the same—'buy, buy.' " "O, I see; she exercises a different spell over you now."

Lord Nelson, when a boy, being on a visit at his aunt's, went hunting one day and did not return till after dark. The good lady, much alarmed, scolded him severely, saying: "I wonder fear did not drive you home." "Fear!" replied the boy; "I don't know him."

A dying West India planter, groaning to his favorite servant, sighed out: "Ah, Sambo, I am go-

ing a long journey." "Never mind, massa," said the negro, consolingly, "it am all de way down hill."

A Lie is a Lie for a' That.—Glorify a lie, legalize a lie, arm and equip a lie, consecrate it with solemn forms and penalties, and after all, it's nothing but a lie. It rots the land; corrupts the people like any other lie, and by and by the white light of God's truth shines through it and shows it to be a lie.

A new prison chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town in Scotland. He was a man who greatly magnified his office, and on entering one of the cells on his first round of inspection, he, with great pomposity, thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it: "Well, sir, do you know who I am?" "No, sir; nor I dinna care!" was the nonchalant reply; but the criminal seemed a little conciliatory a few minutes afterwards, and added: "Weel, I hae heard o' ye before." "And what did you hear?" enquired the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity. "Weel, I heard that the last twa kirks ye was in ye preached them baith empty, but ye'll no find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this ane."

Two soldiers lay beneath their blankets, looking up at the stars. Says Jack: "What made you go into the army, Tom?" "Well," replied Tom, "I had no wife and I loved war, Jack, so I went. What made you go?" "Well," returned Jack, "I had a wife, and I loved peace, Tom, so I went."

STRIKES.

Strikes are quite proper, only strike right ;
Strike to some purpose, but not for a fight ;
Strike for your manhood, for honor and fame ;
Strike right and left, till you win a good name ;
Strike for your freedom from all that is vile ;
Strike off companions who often beguile ;
Strike with the hammer, the sledge and the axe ;
Strike off bad habits with burdensome tax ;
Strike out unaided, depend on no other ;
Strike without gloves and your foolishness smother ;
Strike off the fetters of fashion and pride ;
Strike where 'tis best, but let Wisdom decide ;
Strike a good blow while the iron is hot ;
Strike, keep striking till you hit the right spot.

DR. EMMONS ON PREACHING.—A young man having preached for the doctor one day, was anxious to get a word of applause for his labor of love. The grave doctor was silent, did not introduce the subject, and the young man was obliged to bait the hook for him. "I hope, sir, I did not weary your people by the length of my sermon to-day." "No, sir, not at all; nor by the depth, either." Lastly, the young man was silent.

A fireman's toast: "The ladies—the only incendiaries who kindle a flame which water will not extinguish."

A KEEN REPLY.—John Wesley, in a large party, had been maintaining, with great earnestness, the doctrine that vox pupuli vox Dei against his sister, whose talents were not unworthy of the family to which she belonged. At last the preacher, to put an end to the controversy, put his argument in the shape

of a dictum, and said: "I tell you, sister, the voice of the people is the voice of God." "Yes," she replied, mildly, "it cried 'Crucify him! crucify him!'" A more admirable answer was perhaps never given.

CHURCH SLEEPERS.—"How shameful it is that you should fall asleep," said a dull preacher to his drowsy audience, "while that poor creature"—pointing to an idiot who stood near him, staring at him—"is both awake and attentive." "Perhaps, sir," replied the fool, "I should have been asleep, too, if I had not been an idiot."

SIR CHARLES WETHERELL AND THE WESLEYANS.

"The Wesleyans," said Sir Charles one day, as he had occasion to allude to them in the case of Lady Hewley's charity, "Wesleyan Methodists, I believe they are called, are distinguished by holding the doctrine of election," etc. Some one jogged Sir Charles. "Oh, yes," he repeated, "the doctrine of election." (Laughter.) He was jogged again. "Yes, yes," added Sir Charles again, "you are right—the doctrine of election." Sir Charles was then told audibly that he must reverse his position. "Well, then," said he, "have it which way you please. If not elected they ought to be, for they are the best people among us."

AN ODD ACT.

It is recorded that by an ancient act of the good old Scottish parliament, passed in the reign of Margaret, in the year about 1288, it was

ORDERIT, That during ye reign of her majest blessit majestie, ilka maiden ladee of baith high and lew estate, shall hae liberty to speak to ye man she likes. Gif he refuses to take her to be his wife, he shall be mulct in the sum of an hundred pundis, or less, as his estait may be, except and always, gif he can make it appear that he is betrothit to another woman ; then he shall be free.

THE ALPHABET.

The twenty-six letters of the alphabet may be transposed 624,448,401,733,239,360,000 times. If all the transpositions were printed they would make a pile of books a thousand feet high and covering ten acres of ground.

STRICTLY LEGAL RELATIONS.

A Jew, speaking of a young man as his son-in-law, was accused of misleading the court, since the young man was really his son. Moses, however, persisted that the name he put to the relationship was the right one, and addressing the bench, said : " I was in Amsterdam two years and three-quarters ; when I come home I finds this lad. Now, the law obliges me to maintain him, and consequently he is my son-in-law." " Well," said Lord Mansfield, " that is the best definition of a son-in-law I ever yet heard."

An offender, being arrested and brought before a magistrate on a petty offence, was thus addressed by the latter : " Ah, sir, I see what you are. I see the rogue in your face!" " Indeed, your worship," said the prisoner, " I didn't know before that my face was a looking-glass."

In 1835 John Howard Payne spent some time in the South, and formed the acquaintance of a daughter

of Judge Samuel Goode, of Montgomery, Ala. An old autograph album of hers, now in possession of her son, contains the following lines in Payne's handwriting, over his own signature :

"Lady, your name, if understood,
Explains your nature to a letter ;
And may you never change from Goode,
Unless, if possible, to better."

On the next page is a response, written by Mirabeau B. Lamar, afterward President of the "Lone Star Republic" of Texas. It runs as follows :

I am content with being Goode ;
To aim at *better* might be vain ;
But if I do, 'tis understood,
What'er the cause—it is not Payne.

And now to come to the discussion about the vase which stands among the fair ladies :

The Western one from a nameless place
Blushingly said, "What a lovely vase."

This Western pronounciation did not exactly suit the party from New York, so she chipped in :

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries, "'Tis indeed a lovely vase."

The delegation from Pennsylvania objected. The pronounciation of the word disagreed with the Quaker City maiden, for she,

With consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaims, "It is quite a lovely vaws."

"Jeff," of course, lets the Boston girl have the last word. He knows that discretion is the better part of valor, and he lives in Boston. This girl says :

"I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming vaws."

All of which is very odd and extremely funny, James Jeffry, for no one knows better than the Boston man that the real pronunciation is a jug.

REV. ROBERT HALL.

The celebrated preacher, who believed in the virtue of a little nonsense now and then, was once reproached by a dull brother of the cloth with the remark : "How can you who preaches in the pulpit as you do, talk in such a joking, trifling manner." "There, brother," said Mr. Hall, "is the difference between us: you talk your nonsense in the pulpit—I talk mine out of it."

DUDE.

"Excuse me, Miss Sharpe, I had quite forgotten you. I am so absent-minded, don't eher know." Miss Sharp—"Yes, I have noticed the absence of mind."

"Is the tide going out?" said a sailor to a gentleman who was passing a house where a marriage had just taken place.

The reason why the word "honeymoon" is only applied to married persons is probably because the moon only affects the tied.

WOMAN INFLUENCE.

"They talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had a limit.
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task of mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,

There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth
Without a woman in it."

The Rev. Rowland Hill said of a man who knew the truth, but seemed afraid to preach its fullness: "He preaches the truth as a donkey mumbles a thistle—very cautiously."

NO REFLECTIONS ON WASHINGTON.

An ambitious man being elected to a Western legislature prepared with great care a speech which he thought would impress his colleagues and please his constituents. He waited for a fitting occasion, and then, rising, began:

"Mr. Speaker—When I reflect on the character of General Washington—" and came to a sudden stop. Beginning again, he said:

"Mr. Speaker—When I reflect on the character of General Washington—" and again the failure of his memory brought him to a sudden halt.

For the third time he attempted to go on, but no further than "Washington."

"I rise to a point of order, Mr. Speaker!" exclaimed a wag-gish member. "It is not in order for a member of this house to be making reflections on the character of General Washington."

This shot brought down the house and the forgetful member.

A meddlesome old woman was sneering at a young mother's awkwardness with her infant, and said: "I declare, a woman never ought to have a baby unless she knows how to hold it." "Nor a tongue either" was the quiet rejoinder.

AN ODD PAIR OF SCALES.

A monk, when his rites sacredotal was o'er,
In the depth of his cell, with its stone-covered floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
Once formed a contrivance we now shall explain ;
But whether by magic, or alchemy's powers,
We know not--indeed, 'tis no business of ours.
Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
At least, that he brought his invention to bear.
In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away,
And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled and gray ;
But success is assured, unless energy fails,
And at length he produced those remarkable scales.
" What were they ?" you ask ; you shall presently see ;
Those scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea,
O no, for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh,
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense,
Naught was there so bulky, but there it could lay,
And naught so ethereal but there it would stay ;
And naught so reluctant but in it must go--
All which some examples more plainly may show.
The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there.
As a weight he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief,
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.
One time he put in Alexander the Great,
With a garment that Doreus had made for a weight.
And though clad in armor from sandal to crown,
The hero rose up and the garment went down.
A long row of alms-houses, amply endowed
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded the scale while the other was prest,
By those mites the poor widow dropt into the chest ;

Up flew the endowments, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down, the farthing-worth came with a bounce.
Again he performed an experiment rare ;
A monk, with austerities, bleeding and bare,
Climbed into one scale ; in other was laid
The heart of our Howard, now partly decayed,
When he found with surprise that the whole of his brother
Weighed less, by some pounds, than the bit of the other.
By further experiments—no matter how—
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough.
A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail.
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystalized tear.
A lord and a lady went up in full sail.
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale,
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten councillors' wigs full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than a few grains of candor and sense.
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt ;
Yet, not mountains of silver and gold would suffice,
One pearl to outweigh—'twas the Pearl of Great Price.
Last of all, the whole world was bowled be at the grate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,
When the former sprung up with so strong a rebuff
That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof.
When balanced in air it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft, a baloon in the sky ;
While the scale with a soul in so mightily fell,
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

MORAL.

Dear reader, if e'er self-deception prevails,
We pray you to try those extraordinary scales ;
But if they are lost in the ruins around,
Perhaps a good substitute then may be found.

Let judgment and conscience in circles be cut,
To which strings of thought may be carefully put.
Let these be made even, with caution extreme,
And impartiality serve as a beam.
Then bring those actions which pride over-rates,
And tear up your motives in bits for the weights.

THE RELIGIOUS CARD PLAYER.

A private soldier by the name of Richard Lee was taken before the magistrate of Glasgow for playing cards in church during divine service, the account of which is given in an English journal :

A sergeant commanded the soldiers at the church, and when the parson read the prayer, he took his text. This soldier had neither Bible nor prayer-book, but pulling out a pack of cards he spread them before him. He first looked at one, then at another. The sergeant of the company saw him and said : " Richard, put up the cards ; this is no place for them."

" Never mind that," said Richard.

When the services were over the constable took Richard prisoner, and brought him before the Mayor.

" Well," says the Mayor, " what have you brought the soldier here for?"

" For playing cards in the church."

" Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?"

" Much, sir, I hope."

" Very good ; if not, I will punish you."

" I have been," said the soldier, " about six weeks on the march. I have neither Bible nor book of common prayer : I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to show your worship of the purity

of my intentions." Then spreading the cards before the Mayor, he began with the ace. "When I see the ace it reminds me that there is but one God. When I see the duce it reminds me of Father and Son. When I see the tray it reminds me of Father, Son and Holy Ghost. When I see the four it reminds me of the four evangelists that preached, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. When I see the five it reminds me of the five Virgins that trimmed their lamps; there were ten of them, but five were wise and five were foolish, and were shut out. When I see the six it reminds me of the six days in which God made the heavens and the earth, and all living things. When I see the seven it reminds me of the seventh day, when God rested from the great work which he had made. When I see the eight it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God destroyed the world by a flood. When I see the nine it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Savior; there were nine out there who never returned thanks. When I see the ten it reminds me of the Ten Commandments which God handed down on the tables of stone. When I see the king it reminds me of the great King of Heaven, which is God Almighty. When I see the queen it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls, all dressed in boy's apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. The king sent for water to wash. The girls washed to the elbows and the boys to the wrists, so King Solomon told by that."

"Well," said the Mayor, "you have described every card in the pack except one."

"What is that?"

"The knave," said the Mayor.

"I will give your honor a description of that if you will not be angry."

"I will not," said the Mayor, "if you will not term me to be the knave."

"The greatest knave I know is the constable that brought me here."

"I do not know," said the Mayor, "if he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool."

"When I count how many spots there are in a pack of cards I find three hundred and sixty-five—as many days as are in a year. When I count the number of cards in a pack I find fifty-two—the number of weeks in a year. I find there are twelve picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in a year, and on counting the tricks I find thirteen, the number of weeks in a quarter."

So you see a pack of cards serves for a Bible, almanac and prayer-book.

I think that I have now shown that if it takes all sorts of men to make a world, that our world must be nearly finished; that, in fact, it now presents an almost endless variety of human constitution, human character and human conduct. That in this world we have a very great many odd specimens of beings, each filling up a certain sphere, and each, in some, way working out the destiny of our race.

As there is no end to the oddities and eccentricities of our times, I think of odd sayings and doings, I need add no more.

We plainly see that to each extreme the other is an oddity; that they are to be found in all departments of life, so that while we are amusing ourselves, innocently, with the peculiarities of others, they may be, perhaps, this very hour, innocently laughing at ours.

In all this we may learn the necessity of brotherly kindness, and to be sparing in our censures of those who differ from us. Winter, must, of course, be a mystery to summer; but not more so than one man is to another. If we had clearer perceptions of the differences in each others temperaments and dispositions, and more of that sublime "charity which thinketh no evil," we would be more tender with the erring, more sympathetic with the unfortunate, and more generous to all.



THE SAXON RACE.

PROVED TO BE THE LOST TRIBES OF ISRAEL BY REV. W. H. POOLE, LL. D.

SOME WEIGHTY OPINIONS.

- REV. A. BURNS, D. D., LL. D., President Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton, Ont. "A remarkable book. Fairly bristles with points and surprises that will carry the student eagerly to the last page. It is an eminently suggestive book. It will make the reader think. There is hardly a dry page in the book."
- HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF TORONTO. "A work of great research and ingenuity of argument, well nigh exhaustive of the subject."
- REV. JOS. WILK, D. D. "Every point is clearly proved. I would to God that a copy could be placed in the hands of every minister and in every house."
- THE "GLOBE," Toronto. "One of the most elaborate, learned, thorough discussions yet published on this subject."
- THE "EVENING," Toronto. "Interesting and elaborate."
- THE "CANADIAN ADVANCE," Toronto, says: "It is a wonderful book."
- REV. M. C. HAWKS. "A learned, dignified, and thrillingly interesting volume. It drives you into corners from which there is no escape, but through the acceptance of the author's position, you feel convinced that the central idea is well sustained."
- REV. DR. L. P. DAVIS says, "I have found much pleasure and profit in reading this book. It is written in a most entertaining and convincing manner."
- REV. DR. POLES, DETROIT. "The theme itself is one of growing interest, and the treatment of it here is ingenious and thorough. The archaeological arguments, interspersed with the Scripture citations and proofs, are of much value both to the student and to the general reader. We have poured over the pages of the book with more than ordinary pleasure, and we believe the author makes out his case."
- REV. DR. BECKLEY, Editor of The New York Christian Advocate says of this book,—"The volume is keenly interesting."
- THE BANNER OF ISRAEL, published in London, England, refers to the published lectures of the Rev. W. H. Poole, LL. D., as follows:—"We can highly recommend this work, 'Anglo-Israel.' It is written clearly, carefully and convincingly."
- REV. T. W. CAMPBELL. "It is clear and logical. It seems to me that it must carry conviction to the mind of every careful reader."
- THE SATURDAY NIGHT, Toronto. "The style is pleasing and lively, the arguments instead of being far-fetched as I imagined they would have been, seemed to bear out the conclusions he is evidently seeking. The ideas are so ingenious, if not conclusive, that it makes the Anglo-Israel an extremely interesting book to read and one that must afford pleasure and profit to all who take an interest in Bible study."
- F. TENNYSON, Esq., says,—"It has the come to light within the past few years that the Anglo-Saxon race are really and truly those ten tribes."
- THE DETROIT TRUTH SEER. "The prejudiced reader who starts to read the book stands in danger of being convinced in spite of himself."
- THE CHURCH LAMP, Detroit. "The lectures are full of interest and will hold the attention of the reader from first to last."
- REV. A. J. HARTLEY, Presbyterian Minister. "Dear Sir, 'I thank you for your splendid work, you have thrown a flood of light on many obscure prophecies of Holy writ.'"
- PROF. DAVY, Pontiac, says, "I would not part with your book 'Anglo-Israel' for one hundred dollars, if I could not get another."
- REV. R. ALLEN, Presbyterian Minister, White City, Kansas. "I like your book ever so much. Send me another copy."

